

The Sketch

No. 1102.—Vol. LXXXV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



A DÉBUTANTE OF THE SEASON: LADY MARY CECILIA RHODESIA HAMILTON, ELDEST DAUGHTER
OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ABERCORN.

Lady Mary Hamilton was born in 1896. Her names, Cecilia Rhodesia, are of course a compliment to the late Cecil Rhodes. Her father was Treasurer of the Household

from 1903 till 1905; has been M.P. for Londonderry City; and is a member of the Ulster Unionist Council. Her mother is the only daughter of the Earl of Lucan.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

FANCY - DRESS COMPETITION : NOTICE—ESPECIALLY TO CHELSEA ARTS BALL DANCERS.

The last moment in our Fancy - Dress Competition has arrived. You have a few hours only in which to send in. We are offering a costume to the value of £10, and a purple, green, red, yellow, or any other colour wig to the value of £5, to the first prize-winner and the second prize-winner respectively of the competition we announce on page 298. Our object is to find out who has designed or worn the most original fancy-dress. You have not a second to lose, as photographs must reach us not later than March 11th. Again, we would say, read carefully the announcement on page 298.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

"Pawing."

"I hate to be pawed."

We have all heard people say that. We have all seen the instinctive shudder at the recollection of some particularly repulsive "paw." It is not affectation, this loathing of being "pawed."

Two questions arose in my mind the other night when I heard a discussion going forward on the subject of "pawing." They were these: (1) Why do people "paw"? (2) Why do people so dislike being "pawed"?

To discover why people "paw," you must settle the definition of "pawing." Nobody, I suppose, would include a hearty smack on the back under the head of "pawing." A hearty smack on the back is often objectionable enough in its own way, but that way is not the same way as the "paw." The "paw" proper is an insincere thing. It is, undoubtedly, an impertinence. There is something sinister about it. Perhaps, then, we may define "pawing," very hastily and crudely, as a sinister impertinence aping good-fellowship.

That being granted, the "pawer" comes out as a sinister, impertinent person trying to be mistaken for a full-blooded genial fellow. When he lays his hand on your shoulder, or grips you by the arm just above the elbow, or lays hold of the lapel of your coat, he hopes that he will at once conceal the lack of cockles in his own heart and warm the existing cockles in yours. Whereby he proves himself a dullard into the bargain, for nobody was ever yet pleased or deceived by being "pawed." The confirmed "pawer" is a sort of social leper, from whose touch the world shrinks and flees.

"Carrollisms" in Journalism.

"Only the mandrill looked angry—he always does; and only the shoe-bill looked sad, with his boot of a beak."

If you suddenly read out that sentence in any ordinary company of educated English-speaking people, and asked them where it came from, everybody present would reply, "Alice in Wonderland," the more literary adding, "Or something of Lewis Carroll's." It has the true Lewis Carroll touch. It is perfectly balanced, it shows the pathos of being one of Nature's freaks, and it gives you the names of two creatures not usually mentioned in your everyday conversation.

But that sentence is not from Lewis Carroll. It is merely the "tag" of an unsigned article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The article is headed, "Has Spring Arrived?" and is just one of those articles that almost every daily paper contains at this time of year. But the concluding sentence, to my mind, touches greatness.

I at once turned to my dictionary to see what a mandrill might be. It is a good dictionary, but I rather expected it to go down on this point. No; here is the definition of a mandrill—"The great blue-faced or rib-nosed baboon, the largest and most hideous of the baboons." Can you wonder, friend the reader, that the mandrill always looks angry?

Then I turned up the shoe-bill—without success. John Ogilvie, apparently, knew nothing of the shoe-bill; and Charles Annandale, when his turn came, could not help him.

The Impossible Poster.

I understand that Mr. James Glover, the well-known musical director of Drury Lane Theatre and the ex-Mayor of Bexhill, has addressed an open letter to Bexhill on the subject of the way to advertise, in which he says: "One thing is important—no more naked-lady posters, no more dead-wall decorations, with impossible seas and equally impossible mermaids. Even Blackpool has found out the futility of wasting money in this way."

I thank Mr. Glover for those words. I would have thanked him even more heartily if he had said: "And we must be very careful to give the public a constant change of poster. Nothing is so wearisome to the eye of the waiting railway traveller as the sight

of a poster that he has seen two or three thousand times, and nothing is more nauseating than to be compelled to read the lettering on a poster that he has read two or three thousand times."

It is not my custom to deride my own country for the poor reward of the cheap laugh, but I am compelled to admit that the English do not yet understand the art of advertising. They do not realise that the moment an advertisement has become familiar to the eye it should be swept away and something new and bright put in its place. There is virtue in an old song that we all love, but there is no virtue at all in an old advertisement, because we never do love advertisements, even when they are new. We have an instinctive hatred for them, and we can only tolerate them when they are original and fresh.

That Dear Old Mermaid!

I think I know the poster that Mr. Glover had in his mind when he wrote that open letter. Is it not the poster showing a mermaid

half-sitting, half-reclining on a strip of yellow sand, whilst underneath we have the legend, from the decoying pen of my friend Mr. George R. Sims, "A Winsome Bit of England by the Sea"—is not that the poster, Mr. Glover?

Heavens, how well I know that poster! It has met me, on the up-platform of my local railway-station, for a couple of years at least. If it were on the down-platform I should not mind, because—and here is another little hint for the English advertiser—one does not linger on the down-platform. But when, as rarely happens on our line, the train is late, one is forced to look at that mermaid, and to be once again assured that Bexhill is a winsome bit of England by the sea.

You see, I was a convert from the first. Directly I saw that line on the poster, two years ago, I said to myself, "Yes, that is quite true. Bexhill is a winsome bit of England by the sea. Sims, in his clever way, has found the exact phrase." Yet the next day I was again assured that Bexhill was a winsome bit of England by the sea, and I have had the exact phrase thrust down my throat every week until, if I were not so passionately attached to Bexhill, I might be in danger of loathing the very name of the place. And that, presumably, is not what the advertisers are after.

Change the poster, gentlemen, as often as you can. Believe me, it will pay you.

Diminishing Dialogue.

Have you ever noticed the diminishing quality of a bucolic dialogue? It begins almost fluently, but gradually fades away to a mere

nothing. For example—

HIGGS: Shouldn't wonder if we 'ad a drop o' rain afore marnin'.

HOGGS: No, I shouldn't wonder if we 'ad a drop afore marnin'.

HIGGS: Shall you be down our way any time afore Toosday?

HOGGS: No, I shan't be that way not afore Toosday.

HIGGS: Ow 's that ole sow o' yourn goin' on?

HOGGS: Oh, 'er? 'Er be goin' on fairish.

HIGGS: Saw Ned yesterday, I did.

HOGGS: I 'eard 'e was about.

HIGGS: Ain't you seen 'im?

HOGGS: No, I ain't yet.

HIGGS: Seen Bob, then?

HOGGS: No, nor Bob.

HIGGS: Don't say? . . .

HOGGS: 'Ave one?

HIGGS: I will.

HOGGS: Pint?

HIGGS: Ah.

HOGGS: !

HIGGS: . . .

A GREEN AND GREEN - ROOM ENGAGEMENT.



TO BE MARRIED IN JUNE: MISS NINA SEVENING AND MR. VICTOR LONGSTAFFE.

An engagement is announced between that well-known young actress, Miss Nina Sevening, and Mr. Victor Longstaffe, the well-known golfer who was the Cambridge captain of some six years ago, and is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Longstaffe, of Gloucester Terrace. Miss Sevening, whose marriage, which is to take place in June, will not mean her retirement from the stage, made her first appearance, as a small child, on Dec. 24,

1894, when she was seen at the Opéra Comique in a children's pantomime. She then went back to school. Her reappearance on the stage was made at the Royalty, in May 1898. Since then she has played many parts. Not long ago she was Mrs. Darling in "Peter Pan," at the Duke of York's, and this marked her return from the United States, where she had been playing Sophie in "The Perplexed Husband," with Mr. John Drew.

Photographs by Claude Harris and Rúa Marin.

THREE POINT-TO-POINT MEETINGS: SOCIETY WITH THE GUARDS,



1. LORD JOHN CAVENDISH, YOUNGER OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S BROTHERS; AT THE PYTCHLEY HUNT RACES.
2. THE EARL OF ST. GERMANS; AT THE PYTCHLEY HUNT RACES.
3. LADY NORAH BRASSEY, SISTER OF THE EARL OF DONOUGHMORE, AND THE MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON; AT THE COTTESMORE HUNT AND GUARDS' RACES.

4. CAPTAIN CHRISTIE MILLER AND LADY CODRINGTON; AT THE COTTESMORE HUNT AND GUARDS' RACES.
5. PRINCE MAURICE OF BATTENBERG (x); AT THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES' RACES.
6. SIR RICHARD V. SUTTON, Bt., WHO WON THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS' STEEPLECHASE ON HIS GOLD COIN; AT THE PYTCHLEY HUNT RACES.

The Guards' Point-to-Points were held at Hambleton, near Oakham, in conjunction with the Cottesmore Hunt Point-to-Points. The King's

THE COTTESMORE, THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES, AND THE PYTCHLEY.



5. SIR CHARLES LOWTHER, BT.; AT THE PYTCHLEY HUNT RACES.
6. THE DUKE OF SOMERSET; AT THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES' RACES.
7. THE COUNTESS OF LONDESBOROUGH AND THE DUKE OF TECK; AT THE PYTCHLEY HUNT RACES.
10. MR. PERCY WYNDHAM AND THE HON. MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM; AT THE COTTESMORE HUNT AND GUARDS' RACES.
11. LORD DALMENY, ELDER SON OF LORD ROSEBERY, AND MR. BOWER ISMAY; AT THE PYTCHLEY HUNT RACES.
12. LADY MILDRED COOKE, SISTER OF THE EARL OF LONDESBOROUGH, WITH LORD LUDLOW; AT THE PYTCHLEY HUNT RACES.
13. THE HON E. A. FITZROY, M.P., MASTER OF THE PYTCHLEY IN SUCCESSION TO LORD ANNALY.

Royal Rifle Corps Point-to-Points were held at Braywood, near Hawthorn Hill. The Pytchley Hunt Point-to-Points were held at Arthingworth.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager. Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8. Matinée Sats. at 2. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' Production
AFTER THE GIRL. A Revusical Comedy. Box-office (J. H. Jubbs) 10 to 10.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree.

Every Evening at 8.15
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
HERBERT TREE MARIE LOHR.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.15. Tel. Gerrard 1777.

EMPIRE. At 10.30 **THE DANCING MASTER.**

With PHYLLIS BEDELLS and ESPINOSA. At 8.30, the Best Revue, NUTS and WINE, and specially selected Varieties. Evenings at 8. Manager, Oscar Barrett, jun.

PALLADIUM, Argyll Street, W. **CHARLES GULLIVER,**
MANAGING DIRECTOR. The best entertainment at the Most Comfortable Theatre
in London. Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10. Matinee Monday, Wednesday, and
Saturday, 2.30. Admission from 1s. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d. 15s. and £1 1s.

THE
BOND STREET SCHOOL OF DANCING

At the Four Hundred Club's Premises.

For the Tango, Maxixe, and all Ball-Room Dancing.

TANGO - BOSTON.

PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN DAILY, between TEN a.m. and FOUR p.m.

BEGINNERS' CLASSES, TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS, 8.10 p.m.

PRACTICE CLASSES MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS, 8.10 p.m.

INTENDING PUPILS MAY CALL AT ANY OF THE ABOVE TIMES TO
SEE THE STYLE OF DANCING AND TO CHOOSE THEIR TEACHER.

7, OLD BOND STREET, W. Telephone 4238 Regent.

THE New Game, "International" Figure-Patience.
Sets with 96 Cards, Bag, and Rules, 2/6. International Card Co., 96-98, Leadenhall St., E.C.

DUBLIN, HOTEL METROPOLE

(Next General Post Office). First Class. 100 Rooms.

Restaurant. Free Garage

"A Week's Tours" around Dublin Post Free.

MENTONE. SOUTH OF FRANCE.
HOTEL IMPERIAL.

The latest creation of modern Hotels. All the latest luxuries.
The most completely comfortable Hotel on the Riviera. English Sanitation. 300 Rooms.
150 bath-rooms. Heated throughout. Billiard Room. Extensive grounds. Private lawn-tennis
courts. Glorious situation commanding superb view from every room.
R. C. ULLRICH, General Manager.

THE
LANGHAM
HOTEL.

FAMILY HOTEL
OF THE HIGHEST ORDER.

Unique Location in
PORTLAND PLACE & REGENT ST., W.

Modern Appointments.

Moderate Tariff. Inclusive Terms if desired.

Telegrams: "Langham, London."

POSITION

UNRIVALLED

IN

LONDON.

TORCROSS HOTEL, Near KINGSBRIDGE, South
Devon. Excellently situated in "Fisherman's Paradise." Ideal for Winter and
Summer visitors. Billiards, Coaching, and outdoor sports. Carefully supervised catering.
Illustrated booklet on application.

KARLSBAD (Bohemia, Austria).

Season all the year round.

Over 70,000 Visitors for the Cure and 200,000 Tourists and Visitors.

DISEASES TREATED: Abdominal and Intestinal Diseases, Liver, Kidney, Bladder, etc.
complaints; Diabetes, Gout, Rheumatism, Uric Acid Diathesis, etc., etc.

FIVE LARGE BATHING ESTABLISHMENTS.

Shower, Carbonic Acid, Mud, Steam, Hot-Air, etc., baths. Swedish Gymnastics, Massage,
Beautiful Forests, Walks, Theatre, Concerts, Tennis, Golf, Horse-Racing, etc.
English Church. English Consulate.

All information and prospectus on application to the Municipality.

POLICE DOGS.

Major Richardson's **AIREDALES** (as supplied Police) are best bodyguards—for house
protection, inside or outside, town or country, against tramps, burglars etc.—for lonely walks,
night watchmen &c.—From 4 gns. Pups, 2 gns. Smooth Fox Terriers, Rough Fox Terriers,
Aberdeen Terriers, Irish Terriers—From 4 gns. Pups, 2 gns. Bloodhounds—Pups 5 gns., Adults
20 gns. Major Richardson, Grove End, Harrow. Tel. 423. (20 minutes Baker Street.)

£10 10s. ROME TOUR, with Extensions to
NAPLES, FLORENCE, and VENICE.

ALGERIAN TOURS. SPANISH TOURS.

RIVIERA TOURS. LUCERNE TOURS.

DR. HENRY S. LUNN, Ltd., 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

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ABSOLUTELY PREVENTS
SEA-SICKNESS and
TRAIN-SICKNESS.

In Tasteless Capsules. Of all Chemists.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.

ELSEWHERE

ABROAD:

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 15s.
Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union
of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THE LAST MOMENT HAS COME.

Notice.—Especially to Chelsea Arts Ball Dancers.

WE WANT TO GIVE AWAY MONEY!

We also want to find out who has designed or worn the

Most Original Fancy-Dress.

WE WILL GIVE A COSTUME
TO THE VALUE OF £10

To the FIRST PRIZE - WINNER

and a

PURPLE, GREEN, RED, YELLOW,
OR ANY OTHER COLOUR WIG

TO THE VALUE OF £5

To the SECOND PRIZE - WINNER

To say nothing of Publishing a Full-Page Portrait
of the Winner in Costume!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to send us a Photograph of Yourself in Fancy-dress, with a description of
the Costume and your name and address upon it. Photographs must reach
us not later than March 11. You have only an hour or two left. The Editor's
decision must be accepted as final; and the Editor retains the right to publish
any photographs sent in. Envelopes should be marked: **FANCY-DRESS**
COMPETITION, and sent to the Editor of *The Sketch*, Milford Lane
Strand, London, W.C.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Francis
Gribble. 16s. net. (Nash.)

Wild Game in Zambesia. R. C. F. Maugham.
12s. net. (Murray.)

The Melting Pot. Israel Zangwill. 2s. 6d. net
(Heinemann.)

The Holy Spirit and the Prayer-Book. James
Haughton, A.M. 6s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

Chats on Old Coins. F. W. Burgess. 5s. net.
(Fisher, Unwin.)

With the Russians in Mongolia. H. G. C. Perry-
Ayscough and R. B. Otter-Barry. 16s. net.
(The Bodley Head.)

The Conscience of a King, and Other Pieces. Paul
Hookham. 2s. 6d. net.

(Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent.)

The Public School Year Book, 1914. 5s. net.
(Year Book Press.)

Leaves from a Housekeeper's Book. By the
Author of "From Kitchen to Garret." 5s.
net. (Nash.)

Remarkable Women of France. Lieutenant-
Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O.
16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

On the Left of a Throne: A Personal Study of
James, Duke of Monmouth. Mrs. Evan
Nepean. 10s. 6d. net. (Bodley Head.)

The Panama Canal. F. J. Haskin. 6s. net.
(Heinemann.)

Prisons and Prisoners. Lady Constance Lytton.
3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

FICTION.

The Commonplace and Clementine. Mable Ince.
6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

Within the Gates. G. B. Burgin. 6s.
(Hutchinson.)

Simpson. Elinor Mordaunt. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Professional Aunt. Mrs. George Wemyss
1s. net. (Constable.)

In the Quarter. R. W. Chambers. 1s.
(Constable.)

The Old Dominion. Mary Johnston. 1s.
(Constable.)

By Order of the Company. Mary Johnston. 1s.
(Constable.)

The Comic Kingdom. Rudolf Pickthall. 3s. 6d.
net. (Bodley Head.)

The Iron Year. Walter Bloem. 6s.
(The Bodley Head.)

Slaves of Chance. Henry Farmer. 6s.
(Chatto and Windus.)

Small Souls. Louis Couperus. 6s.
(Heinemann.)

The Great Attempt. Frederick Arthur. 6s.
(Murray.)

The Way of These Women. E. Phillips Oppen-
heim. 6s. (Methuen.)

His Great Adventure. Robert Herrick. 6s.
(Mills and Boon.)

The Happy Hunting Ground. Alice Perrin. 6s.
(Methuen.)

The Golden Barrier. Agnes and Egerton Castle.
6s. (Methuen.)

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch,"
and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the
Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or
detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and
drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



WHY NOT BARCELONA? "A CITY OF CLEAR AIR AND BLUE SKIES AND SUNSHINE."

Why Not Barcelona?

Half the people I have met in London during the past month have asked me whether I am "going South" this spring, and having told me where they are going, whether to Cannes, Monte Carlo, Mentone, or Biarritz, and to which hotel, and why, have shown mild surprise when I have said that I intended to spend the ten days I allow myself in Southern sunshine every winter at Barcelona. Because Barcelona is in Spain, and because in its outskirts there are many manufactories, English people think it is a Spanish Manchester or Birmingham, with the additional attraction of a very good chance of being blown to pieces by a bomb at any performance of opera. But Barcelona really is a city of clear air and blue skies and sunshine that warms, and its Ramblas are splendid tree-shaded drives through the centre of the city that put Under den Linden and other great avenues in Northern towns to shame. So "Why not Barcelona?" I asked my friend.

Because it is in Spain.

When I took my tickets at Cook's, and my two sleeping-berth tickets at the Sleeping-Car Company (a luxury that I always allow myself now, for it ensures a compartment to oneself, and the money is better spent in engaging a second berth than in bribing the conductor not to put a second person into the compartment), everybody seemed rather vague as to luggage regulations. The Sleeping-Car people were quite sure that a train-de-luxe ran from Paris to Port Bou, on the Spanish frontier, and a saloon carriage on from there, and wrote to Paris to reserve me my places; but Cook's, who also had to write to Paris for a special return ticket, advised me to take counsel of the registration clerk at Charing Cross as to whether my big kit-bag could journey through, and where its contents would have to be examined. The registration clerk was quite firm on the subject. He could register the bag to Paris, or to Port Bou, with examination at Boulogne, but he could not register it to Barcelona. If he had not been very busy, I should have asked him, "Why not to Barcelona?" though the reply, I know, would have been, "Because Barcelona is in Spain." Which is held to be an explanation of any eccentricity.

At Port Bou.

There proved to be no difficulties about my battered old kit-bag, after all. The Customs-House officers at Boulogne, when I pointed out that my baggage was going through to Spain, scribbled a hieroglyphic on it with blue chalk without requiring it to be opened, and at Port Bou a fat old

Spaniard in a blue blouse took charge of me—after an unshaved gentleman in a smart grey uniform had plunged his hands and arms down either side of the bag and had found nothing more compromising at the bottom than my second-best pair of patent-leather boots—and ran me gently about the station to get the purple slip given me at Charing Cross changed for a white one, and to see with my own eyes a little square of paper with a number on it pasted



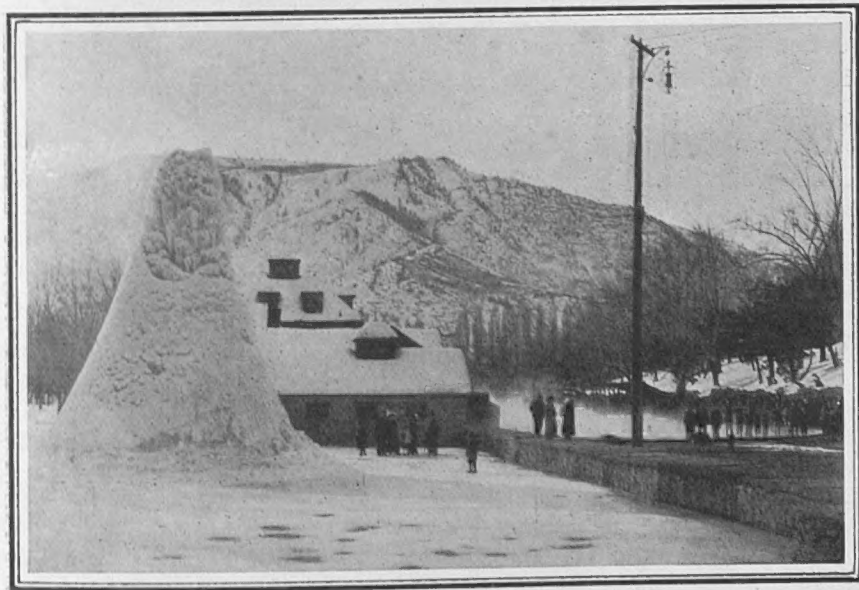
THE SNOW- AND -ICE "CYCLE": YOUNGSTERS RIDING SKATE-SLEIGHS.

Photograph by Landen.

on the bag. Then the white-haired old Spaniard thought that he had earned the half-franc I gave him, and the man who pasted on the ticket was thankful for his twopence, and the other porter who had carried my small bag from France across the platform into Spain was quite sure that he had earned a day's pay, and I understood why the registration clerk at Charing Cross was not allowed to book my old kit-bag further than Port Bou.

Arrival at Barcelona.

All the way during the day and a half of travel from London to Barcelona the peasants were ploughing the land. In Kent, the sun shining through a slight mist turned to silver the newly turned furrows. In the north of France, before I came to Paris and darkness, the teams of white oxen were drawing the plough through the good red earth; while in Spain, when the vineyards of Roussillon had given place to the fields with cactus-hedges of Catalonia, the peasants, with red caps and red at their waists, were ploughing with mules as their beasts of draught. There is nothing on the journey down to Barcelona which can compare with the morning view of the Maritime Alps and the Mediterranean when one wakes in the morning on the train-de-luxe bound for the Riviera, but the foothills of the Pyrenees in the country about Port Bou have their picturesque moments. There are great hillsides covered with dark pines; and rivers, innocent-looking enough in the dry season, run over broad wastes of shingle, which show the space they cover in flood. Great forts of the pre-Napoleonic period hoist masses of masonry up from the tops of the hills which command the fords of these rivers, and their guns looked down from embrasures at a range which would now be point-blank with a carbine. And all the last part of the journey there were, as grey and purple shadows with teeth of white, the main range of the Pyrenees far away in the distance. In the station-yard at Barcelona were the cabs of the town (their despondent horses thinking of the fast-approaching day when they would figure for a last few brave moments in the bull-ring), and the vociferous touts of the hotels, and the omnibuses painted many colours, and amongst them some motor-vehicles, for Barcelona is the most progressive town of Spain.



SWIMMING IN A NATURAL POOL OF WARM WATER AMIDST SNOW AND ICE:
A CURIOUS BATHING-SCENE IN COLORADO.

The bathers seen on the right have turned out to enjoy a swim in a natural pool of warm water, at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, while the surroundings are covered with snow and ice. The mound of ice on the left marks the site of a spring which was not hot enough to resist Jack Frost. The swimming-pool, one of the attractions of the town, is maintained at the public expense.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

DURING the last few weeks the King and Queen have been exploring London as it has never been explored by Royalty before. The dinner at Lambeth Palace was the beginning of a series of visits to unexpected quarters of the town, including the Docks and Tottenham Court Road. The Queen's interest in social problems is opening up for her a whole region of the capital that hardly existed for Edward VII. or Queen Victoria as far as personal experience went; and King George's excursions, as it happens, have also been along rather new lines. Princess Mary and her brothers follow suit; they are doing London with the greatest zest, and last week were able to tick off Scotland Yard and the Black Museum from the list of desirable sights. But to know London is not easy for the Princess and her brothers if the test of knowing London is, as someone says, knowing where No. 6, or No. 27, or No. 64, begins and ends its journey. It is left to the youngest member of the family to have a smattering of such knowledge.

A Problem in Chocolates. It was something of a relief to Princess Mary the other day to find that she has not yet exchanged the age of chocolates for the age of bouquets. The box handed her at the Albert Hall pleased her immensely: she is not anxious to grow up if growing up means an increase of formalities. Nobody, at heart, leaps suddenly from one stage to another, and the greybeard with the sweetmeats was wise in his choice of offerings. Modern men are too apt to think that the modern girl, in the age of Girton and cigarettes, despises the little luxuries that used to be acceptable. But one delightful incident at Cambridge should correct the impression. When the Girton "Browning Society" was dissolved the balance of funds was spent, by unanimous vote, on chocolate-creams! If there was anything indiscreet in

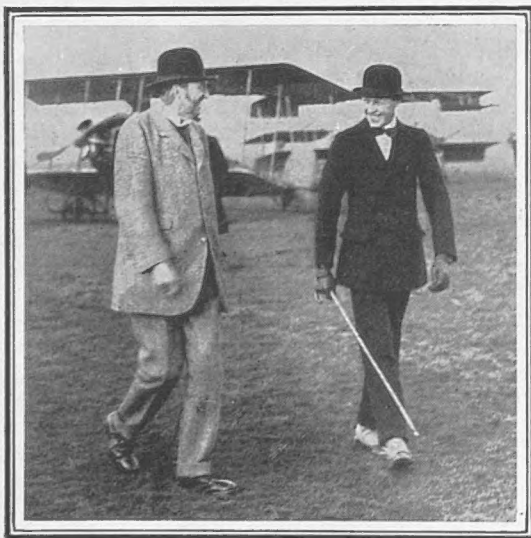
the present of the other night it lay in the fact that it possibly caused a conflict between the rules of Lenten abstinence and the laws of courtesy.



"RECOGNISED" BY THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE: THE DUKE OF CROY AND THE DUCHESS (FORMERLY MISS NANCY LEISHMAN).

The German Crown Prince is reported to have broken through Court etiquette by visiting the Duke and Duchess of Croy, in Berlin. The Duchess, who was Miss Nancy Leishman, daughter of a former United States Ambassador in Berlin, who was President of the Carnegie Steel Company, is, according to the Prussian Royal Herald's Office, not of equal birth with her husband, and, consequently, is not in its eyes entitled to the semi-royal rank of her husband or the privileges of the German Court. With this the Crown Prince evidently does not agree. The wedding took place last October.

Photograph by Otto.



THE VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE COAST OF YORKSHIRE AT THE HENDON AERODROME: LORD LONDESBOROUGH; WITH HIS YOUNGER SON, THE HON. HUGO DENISON.

Lord Londesborough bears that title of strange sound, Vice-Admiral of the Coast of Yorkshire. He has two sons, Viscount Raincliffe, born in 1892, and the Hon. Hugo Denison, born in 1894.

Photograph by C.N.

The Devil and the Deep Sea. Though Mrs. St. Loe Strachey (a surprising exception), Countess Cairns, and a few other hostesses fixed their dates for the early part of the Lenten season, there is a marked dwindling of dances during the next few weeks. The form of entertaining that flourishes beyond any other at this time of year is the hotel luncheon. At such places as the Ritz a hostess feels herself on neutral ground: the penitential mood proper to the home seems hardly to hold good in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the public dining-room. And when M. and Mme. Take Jonescu entertained all the Ambassadors and their ladies (among whom were many Catholics) at the Ritz last week, they felt they had done their duty sufficiently by giving their guests the choice, as a friend put it, between a devilled kidney and a deep-sea turbot.

A Princess's Find. Prince and Princess Lichnowsky are more sedulous than most of their neighbours in their regard for the Lenten season; but diplomacy is a law unto itself, and one great luncheon had of necessity to break the rules in Carlton House Terrace. The German Ambassador and his family are, by the way, growing fond of London; they like its ways, its parks, its galleries, and its shops. Only last week the lady of the household who knows most about pictures wandered into a china-dealer's not three hundred yards from Charing Cross and found, as she believes—and her expertise is well known—a genuine Tintoretto!

Sport or Speeches. Those careful souls in Parliament who are anxious to put an end to Mr. Winston Churchill's flights do nothing, it is observed, to interfere with their own pleasurable perils. Last week Lord Willoughby de Broke again fell in the hunting-field. How often he has done it, only he and his horse and the rabbit-holes know. These hunting accidents, it must be acknowledged, endanger the safety of the State much more directly than does Winston's soaring, for, by some strange fatality, whenever Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. "Freddie" Smith, or Lord Winter-ton come to earth, a speech has to be cancelled the same evening.



AT A MEET OF THE YORK AND AINSTY: THE HON. CLAUDE MEYSEY-THOMPSON, ONLY SON OF LORD KNARESBOROUGH.

Mr. Meysey-Thompson was born in 1887. He has four sisters—the Hon. Violet Vandeleur, born in 1886; the Hon. Helen Legh, born in 1889; the Hon. Doris Meysey-Thompson, born in 1899; and the Hon. Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson, born in 1903.

Photograph by Abrahams.



WATCHING THE POLO AT CANNES: THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT—WITH THE BALL.

The wedding of the fourth Marquess of Headfort and Rose, daughter of Charles Boote, took place in 1901. Lady Headfort has two sons and a daughter.

FAIR LADIES AND FAIR GENTLEMEN: THE "CHELSEA ARTS."



1. MR. ALAN PARSONS AND MISS GLADYS COOPER.

2. SIR HUGO DE BATHE AS SVENGALI.

3. MR. AND MRS. GERALD DU MAURIER.

4. FROM MR. A. CHARLOT'S PARTY.

5. FROM MR. A. CHARLOT'S PARTY.

6. MISS DIVERE.

7. MR. AND MRS. R. C. DAVIES AND MR. GRAY.

8. MISS CHRISTINA COURT TREATT.

The Chelsea Arts Club Ball took place last week in the Albert Hall, which was turned for the time being into an Old English Fair. The Rendez-vous signs included the Jack Pudding, the Posture Master, the Zany, and Apple Ducking. Refreshments were also in the Old English manner; and the "Liste of Ye. Cates, Comfytes, Paties ande other Nourishments goode for sustaingne of those who daunce ande eke those who

doe not." included: "Ye Wilde Boare, hys Heade—a dishe for ye Kinge; Ye Tastie Ham spyced as atte Yorke; Ye Venyson Pasty—tastilie cooked; Chyken, plump ande temptinge; Ye Kindlye Oxe—hys Tongue; Dishe Pastys withe Pidgeons—ryghte sustaininge; Raised Pastys withe Bubleyjocks, as they doe them in Yorkeshire—ryghte goode; Sweetes goode for alle Men and Maydens; Some Gellys mayde ryghte delectable withe wyne."

Photographs by Lafayette and Vandyk.



WE NEGLECT THE STAGE ON THIS OCCASION, FOR PRINCE'S: THE POETRY OF MOTION.

On the Ice.

When I received instructions from the editor to go to Prince's and record "the adventures of my soul" at the skating-rink I jumped for joy, since the thought came that I too am, or was, a skater, and might have a turn on the ice. Prince's, as you know, is not a common place where you skate with roller-skates, but has ice, real ice, though you can't break through it. So off I went to my little treasure-box to get the pawn-ticket. For countless years my financial arrangements involved the pawning of my skates every spring. The ticket was awfully old—obviously out of date. However, I trotted off, full of hope, to the London "Mont de Piété" where the skates were pledged. It had become an A. B. C. shop. What horror! I thought that "Uncle's" ("Number One round the corner," they used to call it) was one of the really stable institutions of our great country, that "once a pawnshop, always a pawnshop." Queer sort of place, Prince's, inside—rather like an exaggerated swimming-bath, with a long, narrow parallelogram of ice instead of water. In length about a mashie shot—for me—and of the width of the generous greens that I love. The ice has not the varieties of tone of frozen water in freedom, but is of a rather monotonous greyish-white; it seems to cast up a kind of light very beneficial to the complexion of the skaters. All round, on a rather narrow staging, are tables and chairs for visitors; at the west end is a gallery for a band or an orchestra—I don't quite know which; always a nice question whether it is a band or an orchestra, for if you call an orchestra a band your life is in danger; and if you call a band an orchestra you seem ignorant. The skaters engaged in what Mr. Winkle regarded as the "graceful and swan-like motion"—a misquotation, perhaps—were doing figures when we arrived, and doing them very well. Yet I was a little disappointed, for they did nothing that I had not seen in Liverpool when I was a boy, or, later on, at Hendon.

Hendon-Way.

Hendon! A quaint place. I have fished there, and, despite miracles of skill, caught nothing; watched what some of my humble friends call the "airy-planes" skimming over its waters: one of these days, if Mrs. M. allows, I am going a-sailing in the best of the neat little yachts that rest on its waters, and in the past I used to skate on those Victorian "Acmes" which I shall never see again. It was at Hendon that I first learnt the horrors of monopoly, for, to my amazement, I was called upon

to pay fourpence for half a pint of beer, and had to walk home on account of the financial strain caused by this exaction. Since then I have been hot against all monopolies. Suddenly the Prince's musicians began to play, and interrupted my reveries. The place woke up at once, and the people started waltzing on the ice. That was quite new to me, and very pretty and thrilling. What a pace,

what graceful swerves and dashing turns, what apparently reckless defiance of the Laws of Gravity! They did look jolly and happy in doing it, even if they bumped into one another; and when that happened, one merely saw a marvellous avoidance of a tumble, and heard a merry laugh. Young men and maidens, old men and children, gliding and twirling, twisting and whirling in and out and round-about, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes. I think the waltzing is the real fascination of Prince's—I don't suppose you can

Tango there, or one-step, or two-step, though there may sometimes have been an involuntary "bunny-hug" or two. The poetry of motion, poetry of speed, poetry, also, of some very pretty girls looking their best and wearing, for obvious reasons—with rare exceptions—rather full short skirts, giving a line to the figure.

Monocle as a Skater

Leaning against the rail, near my chair, were two pretty girls. One said to the other—I did not mean to hear her, but I did—"It's such a bore, my dear; I don't know any man to skate with"; to which came the answer, "Oh, that's quite easy, dear; just fix on the one you want and fall down in front of him, and he will have to pick you up, and it will be a wonder if he does not think it necessary to help to keep you on your feet the rest of the afternoon." And the first one laughed and blushed a little and said she wouldn't think of doing such a thing. I began hunting through my pockets to see if enough was left of the hundred guineas which I got for last week's article to enable me to buy or hire a pair of skates—for perhaps she might fall in front of me, and Mrs. M. couldn't have followed

me on to the ice, poor dear! but would have been like the old hen with the ugly duckling on the pond. And I found that I had quite enough! But—An old boy—alas! perhaps a contemporary of mine—standing on his skates close to me, suddenly seemed to

crumple; his right leg shot frantically into the air, ceiling-ward, its companion promptly followed it; he put out a hand to try to pull them down, and then the other to help it, and there was a mighty bang, as he sat down suddenly on the ice. He gradually got up in detachments, crawled to the side, muttering fierce "bunkerisms," and limped away. The moneys dropped back into my pocket, and before I venture in public on the ice, I am going to buy a couple of dozen of india-rubber sponges and tie them on to the

vulnerable parts of my anatomy and have a few private lessons; and then, I wonder, oh, I wonder whether, when I am graceful and swan-like, that beautiful maiden will fall in front of me. Perhaps not, perhaps I shall have to dye my moustache, and try one of the thousand preparations guaranteed to cause a growth of hair on a billiard-ball before I have such luck.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



"THE SKETCH" AT PRINCE'S: MONOCLE POINTS OUT THE EXACT PAIR OF SKATES HE INTENDS TO GO IN FOR.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN



NOT YET SUPERSEDED BY THE TANGO: WALTZING AT PRINCE'S.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: WINTER SPORT IN LONDON.



THE GRENANDER GLIDE AND THE WHIRLING WALTZ—AND THE LOOKERS-ON: ON AND OFF THE ICE AT PRINCE'S.

London is not without its winter sport, whatever the thermometer says. Though it cannot run to "bobbing," ski-ing, and curling, there is always real skating on real (though artificial) ice to be had at Prince's. Our Artist illustrates its humorous aspect.

CARICATURD BY H. M. BATEMAN.



LORD AND LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN.

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN is many things to many men. There are certain parts of Lincolnshire that know him only as a Peer with a mania for the revival of hawking. Oxford Street used to know him as the hard "young Baron" of a certain street-corner hoarding, set up to air the grievances of a tenant who has since made his peace and shaken hands. The Turf used to take him to her heart, and he wear his Newmarket coat and fly his colours with the greatest fervour. To-day he finds that to back his artistic opinions is more amusing than backing horses. And that is why, in any group of young painters, poets, dramatists, or musicians, round the tables of the Café Royal or in the studios of Camden Town, he is thought of, not as a "sport," but as an appreciator and patron of the Fine Arts.

The Old Way with Barons.

Had he lived in the seventeenth century, a dozen volumes of verse would have been dedicated to the Right Honourable Thomas Evelyn Ellis, eighth Baron Howard de Walden and fourth Baron Seaford. "That I have prefixed your name is not in thought of adding aught to your Honour, but in gaining something to the work: that being so inscribed, it may carry with it, what already shineth in your Noble Bosom, Honest Authority"—in such terms would Mr. Gordon Craig have presented his works if he and Lord Howard de Walden and the need of correcting a degenerate theatre and reproving Sir H. Beerbohm Tree had all existed in 1614.

Pitfalls of Patronage.

Lord Howard de Walden is very sensible of the difficulties besetting the patron. He would have preferred to keep secret his efforts in that capacity, for let it once be known that a man with money is willing to offer encouragement in the arts, and he is the target of all the needy and ambitious wastrels of a hundred-and-one aesthetic movements. Were it not that the Café Royal and Camden Town already knew of it, we would have breathed no word of patronage upon this page. But the secret is out, and Lord Howard de Walden has long since fallen back upon a very definite line of defence. He has no ear for the professional clappers-on of this talent and that merit. He never seeks the advice of critics, nor, when he has himself discovered or approved an artist, looks for the confirmation of other men's opinions. He would much sooner make three mistakes off his own bat than be once misguided by the praise or blame of men whose

sincerity of necessity grows blunt while their axes are a-grinding. The thing he has learned to distrust is not the genius of the age in which he lives, but the honesty of criticism intended to carry weight at Seaford House.

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN.



Shyness of Sorts. To dwell in this way on the work of others instead of on Lord Howard de Walden's own essays in drama and poetry is to fall in with his own attitude. He is the most modest of men, and the poetry-book in his pocket or prominent on his shelves never turns out to be his own. One circle of his acquaintance is fond of calling him shy; that was the handiest word when it was discovered that he had stolen a march on the crowd that looked forward to his wedding as an occasion for smart frocks and an awning. "Shyness," explained his acquaintance, cheated of the crush and the organ and a sermon. It was the sort of shyness that most men are too shy to indulge.

The Trilogy.

When "The Children of Don" and "Dylan," forming two parts of an operatic trilogy, were first produced they were described as the work of "Messrs. Ellis and Holbrooke." Holbrooke, of course, was Mr. Josef Holbrooke the composer; Ellis was Lord Howard de Walden. The opera, written round a magic cauldron and a battle-royal between earth and sea, was a wild affair with no woman in the cast but a brief contralto, who soon disappeared, and, instead, a chorus of waves and of wild fowl. The interesting point in looking back on the production is that it was written by a man still deeply concerned in Newmarket and motor-boats.

Scenes at Seaford House.

His glasses give him the look of a student; but he has the wrist of a fencer and the muscles of an all-round athlete. The look of the student is not inappropriate in a swordsman who collects swords and knows a great deal more about armour than the people who wore it, and in one who will never love baseball for the simple reason that it has no literature. His library contains a large collection of old books on falconry, fencing, and all chivalrous games and joustings; and Seaford House has given elbow-room to many a couple actively engaged with foil or rapier. What an admirable setting would its great staircase of translucent green onyx make for an operatic slaughter!

The New Music.

Since his marriage to Miss Margherita van Raalte, and the birth of Bronwen and her twin-brother, Seaford House has been the centre of his interests. The wild rush of motor-boats, the flight of hawks, the clattering heels of his stallions, the whole chorus of waves and wild fowl have grown less insistent. Lady Howard de Walden sings and plays divinely, and Bronwen is learning to talk! "The Children of Don" have had to give place to the children of Thomas.



LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN.

Thomas Evelyn Ellis, eighth Baron Howard de Walden, was born on May 9, 1880, and succeeded in 1899. He was formerly in the 10th Hussars, is Major in the 2nd County of London Yeomanry, and is Hon. Colonel in the 4th Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers. He served in South Africa in 1899-1900. In 1912, he married Margherita, daughter of the late Charles van Raalte, of Brownsea Island, Dorset, and Grosvenor Square. He has a twin son and daughter.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, and Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

SOCIETY CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA AT CANNES (CHIEFLY).



1. LADY WOLVERTON PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS, AT CANNES.
4. BARON DE FOREST GOLFING, AT CANNES.
7. PRINCE PHILIPPE DE BOURBON AND MISS TOPHAM ON THE TENNIS-COURTS, AT CANNES.

2. LADY DE TRAFFORD TAKING A SNAPSHOT, AT CANNES.
5. THE HON. JOHN WARD, BROTHER OF THE EARL OF DUDLEY; THE HON. MRS. WARD; AND LADY WOLVERTON ON THE TENNIS-COURTS, AT CANNES.
8. MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR LEAVING THE TENNIS-COURTS AT MONTE CARLO.

3. MISS DE TRAFFORD GOLFING, AT CANNES.
6. THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL GOLFING, AT CANNES.
9. LORD CECIL MANNERS, HALF-BROTHER OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, ON THE LINKS, AT CANNES.

Lady Wolverton is the sister of the Earl of Dudley.—Lady de Trafford, wife of the third Baronet, was formerly Miss Violet Franklin, and is the daughter of the late Captain James Franklin.—Baron de Forest is an Hereditary Baron of the Austrian Empire and uses

his title in the United Kingdom by Royal authority. He became M.P. (L.) for the North Division of West Ham in 1911.—Prince Philippe de Bourbon, who was born at Cannes in 1885, is the fifth son of Prince Alphonse de Bourbon, Count of Caserta.

Photographs by C.N.

MUCH FAVOURED AGAIN BY SOCIETY: BOXING—SOME STUDIES.



AS SEEN BY AN ARTIST: BOXING—SOME FAIR HITS.

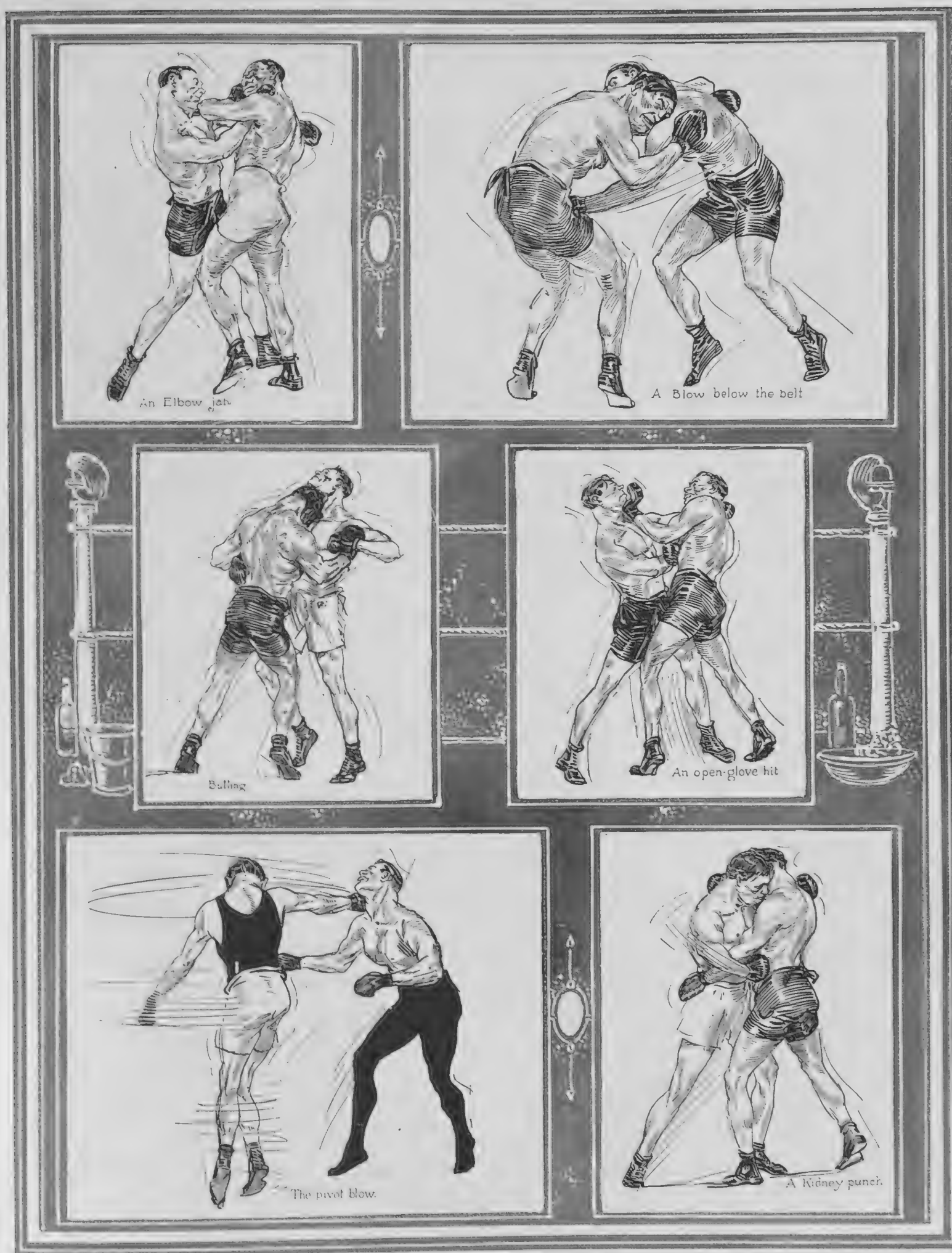
There is, without question, a remarkable revival of interest in boxing. By this we do not suggest that the average man has ever failed as a spectator of that particularly British form of fighting; but we would emphasise the point that followers of ring-

craft are not now confined to a single section of the community. Society is once more numbered amongst the enthusiasts. No better proof of the fact is needed than the recent match between Bombardier Wells and Bandsman Blake at the London

FROM DRAWINGS BY CASEY.

[Continued opposite.]

NOT AS FAVOURED BY SOCIETY: "BOXING"—SOME STUDIES.



AS SEEN BY AN ARTIST: "BOXING"—SOME FOUL HITS.

Continued.

Palladium, which was attended not only by experts, but by many Society people, including women. At the same time, there is an enormous increase in the audiences for boxing in France—an increase largely brought about by the skill of Georges

Carpentier. On the first of our two pages the Artist deals, as we have noted, with permissible blows; in the above illustrations on this page he deals with blows which are forbidden by the rules of boxing.

FROM DRAWINGS BY CASEY.



By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

ONE of the dangerous, one of the poisonous, forces against which we all have to struggle is the prophet of evil. Generally a woman, sometimes a man, he or she does more than a little to bring about the very misfortunes the approach of which they profess, no doubt sincerely, to deplore. Your Cassandra in the home will tell you that it is no use to start now, that you are bound to miss the train — not, mark you, that you are likely to miss it, that unless you have the luck of its being a minute late you will miss it, but, definitely and without qualification, that you are going to miss it. She



MONEY USEFUL FOR NECKLACES: A NEW FRENCH NICKEL COIN WITH A HOLE IN THE CENTRE.

The above is the accepted design for three new French nickel coins of the value of 25, 10, and 5 centimes. The designer, M. Lindaner, receives a prize of £800. The initials "R.F.," on the obverse, stand, of course, for "République Française."

Photographs by Record Press.

will prophesy an unhappy termination to each enterprise she hears of your setting on foot, not because she wishes you or your ventures ill, but because she has the pessimist mind and because, having had earlier in life one or two notable successes in the way of evil prophecy, she has had the sense to realise that necessarily, according to the sad nature of things, the prophet of evil is more often right than wrong. She has her pride. She feels called upon to forecast the future; and with her the future is evil always.

Your Cassandra is dangerous because by the very nature of her prophecy she handicaps your efforts. She presents failure to your imagination when your eyes should see only success and the rewards of success. To be sure in your own mind that you will achieve your end is almost to have achieved it, is to have achieved it in thought indeed — and often is the thought, the imagination, better than the reality. But that consideration apart — and perils lie along its path, and dangers — no one of us but knows that our own belief in our energy, our ability, our luck, and our friends' belief, whether we be putting our fortunes to the test of skill or

And your Cassandra is poisonous, poisonous like a snake, because her prophecy like a noxious drug steals over the senses, paralyses energy, fosters doubt, spreads around you an atmosphere of gloom. It makes you think of disaster and what will follow disaster. It destroys the effective impulse. One can hardly react after its influence has worked its fell purpose, or, if one can react, one does so at the expense of some store of vigour which can ill be spared from the business in hand.

"And am I to hesitate to tell the truth because it will upset the equanimity of the one I wish to serve?" I can imagine my Cassandra asking shrilly, a little disconcerted, anxious to justify herself. Assuredly, no. "But, Madam," I would add, "when you see your young friend has actually embarked on some course from which the gods now alone can turn him, then bottle up your doubts, your evil fears, your certainties that he is rushing down a steep place. Even dissemble and smile on him. Do your best to cheer him up. Spur him on; applaud him. Let him believe that you have faith in his ability. The time for counsel and for prudence has gone by. The die is cast. All ventures are fearful; most are doomed to disaster. But progress has been won by plucking success from likely failure.

Briefly, stand between a fool and his folly for just as long as his patience will allow, but once he has thrown aside your restraining hand then quickly throw your weight on the other side. See that if you speak at all your words make for hope."

And, dear Cassandra, I would counsel you to pause in your wicked course not only for your friends' but also for your own sake. The prophet of evil is never popular. "I told you so" are never welcome words. Happiness or friendship is not for the woman or the man who is right



ON THE RIVIERA: THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HER BROTHER, THE GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG.

Before her marriage, which took place at Cannes in April 1898, the Queen of Denmark was known as the Duchess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg. She is the elder sister of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

four times out of five by the simple expedient of frowning on every new project, on every adventure.



SETTING OUT FOR A WALK AT CANNES: THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON.

Lord Portarlington is the sixth Earl, and was in the Irish Guards. In 1907, he married Miss Winnifreda Yuill.

Photograph by Sport and General.



ON THE RIVIERA: MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH AND LADY HENRY.

Miss Elizabeth Asquith is, of course, daughter of the Prime Minister, the elder of his two children by his second marriage. She was born in 1897; her brother, Anthony, in 1902.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

chance, is the equivalent of a flying start. Surround yourself with people who, however candid they may be in criticism, at least have a firm and fixed belief in your star. It doesn't matter whether the venture on which you are embarking is the catching of a train, the choosing of a wife, the purchase of a ticket in a lottery, or the starting of a daily paper, the principle remains the same. Convince yourself that you deserve success and then shun like the plague the society of those of your friends who say you won't achieve it.

ALL'S WELLS THAT BEGINS WELLS!



THE OPTIMIST (*having his first lesson*): Of course, I expect to be pretty rotten without my glasses.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



THE PURE FOOL, OR THE PERFECT KNIGHT. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

PARSIFAL, for example. I know many Parsifals. They have not all the magnetic voice of Herr Robert Hutt, but they are all of them fanatics, full of fear, men who try to grow wings and forget they have arms, visionaries staring desperately at flitting clouds and crushing underfoot unseen crocuses—beings ashamed of their humanity, super-animals that yet are not men, saintly cowards, purely perverse, mad creatures who prefer the impossible to the warm reality, whose nostrils will aspire ether rather than the sweet smell of the soil, men who deny the earth, sons who disown their mother, sublime fools who renounce spring for—eternity! Noble dupes who give up life for death. Oh, the pity of purity! Oh, the tragedy of self-starvation!

I tell you many are the Parsifals here in England among you; Ireland is full of them: not all are Sir Galahads with a purpose divine, but poor Parsifal's horror and fear of woman is upon them. They consider woman merely as a temptation, forgetting she is also appeasement. The thirsty lips blame the cup that is meant to quench their thirst. Man in his arrogance disdains the Gifts of God. He considers woman as woman and not as a part of himself—as the half without which he is incomplete. Dangerous, yes, woman is: as life is dangerous—and blessed. It is a cowardly mind that thinks of the earthquake during the harvest of olives, that shivers under the spray of the sea when his net is full of fish, that shudders and fears for the reason of his great-grandchildren because the grapes swell under the sun-kiss. It is a poor poltroon that dreads murder at the sight of a knife, a beautiful, homely knife with clear blade and honest wooden handle, a good servant that will cut your bread, make your way through the bushes, deliver the source imprisoned under earth, and—excuse me one minute—sharpen your pencil.

It is an unhealthy mind that thinks of sin when a woman smiles. Why, there are no sins under the sun; or, if there are, it bleaches them white! It is an amoral being who nurses his chastity when he should be nursing a babe, who thinks of his soul and not of his son, who wants to be a little god and fails to be just a man. It is a "puir crittur" who shirks Life.

La vie est telle
Que Dieu la fit,
Et telle quelle
Elle suffit.

Is not that also your opinion, amiable readers? Of course it is, or you would be lamenting over your lapses at the present moment instead of reading *The Sketch*! I like to imagine you as jolly, indulgent, human people, knights "without fear," but not *sans reproches*. Can you conceive the monster that had nothing to reproach himself with, the inhuman

wonder, the lonesome Marvel, the uncanny Thing that had no sex and no place, no species and no progeny? *Chevalerie* was all very well as a school of manners; as a conception of life it is all wrong. It succeeded the period of religious horror in which woman

was held. A saint was he who after helping his mother to cross a brook would go and wash his polluted, woman-tainted hand. A knight was he who imprisoned his lady in a respect so high and a castle so strong (not to mention other ingenious means of protection—or restraint!) that the poor thing was not much better off than before. It was flattering to her vanity to be the queen of tournaments, the subject of songs, the cause of duels, and to see her colours flapping in the wind on the top of a lance. But she knew that in truth she was not more a queen than she had been a slave, that she was not an angel any more than she had been the devil's decoy, that her place was no more the turret than the dungeon, but good solid earth—the same standing-place as men, animals, and plants have the right to have. "To be a woman, neither a scapegoat nor an idol, to be of the earth earthy—how enviable!" thought the poor lady Ermyntrude between the thousand stitches of an eternal tapestry. She sat silent and smiling, but her arms, though sewn in her long tight sleeves, felt warm and pulsing and potentially active, and methinks, while carefully sorting her wools—brown for the stag, red for the hunter's coat, and bay for the palfrey—methinks the gentle lady

Ermyntrude of the plaited hair and high hennin, she pursed her lips and felt oppressed under so much protection, reproved by so much respect. She did not quite understand why men should talk of respecting her for her weakness—is weakness, then, more respectable than strength?—nor why their protection should take the form of prevention. And the stitches and the thoughts patiently went forward all to build the Palace of Truth; and when you discover a splash of blue wool on the yellow jerkin of a little page, sigh gently, "There the lady Ermyntrude rebelled and went wool-gathering instead of sorting her colours properly, or perhaps had she tears in her eyes!"

But now woman understands. She knows her part and her portion. She does not sit and sigh; she has lost the capability of sitting down for any length of time—except at "Parsifal," there to smile indulgently at his terror of her and his revolt against himself, and say, "Poor silly boy; he is still the same, and how much I have changed!"—upon which she *shhhooooos*

mercilessly at a helpless male who has dropped his opera-glasses, and feels that her hour has come.—And if you cannot make head or tail of this article, amiable readers, know that I have just been Wagnervated for six hours, and please forgive.



ANOTHER ARISTOCRATIC LOOP-THE-LOOPER: THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY, WHO HAS FLOWN UPSIDE-DOWN WITH MR. HAMEL—FROM THE DRAWING BY THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.



AFTER LOOPING-THE-LOOP WITH MR. GUSTAV HAMEL: THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY (BEHIND HER, LADY DIANA MANNERS).

The Countess of Dudley added herself the other day to those Society ladies who have looped-the-loop on an aeroplane, and she experienced this evolution several times during a flight over Worcester Racecourse with Mr. Gustav Hamel. Lady Dudley was known before her marriage, which took place in 1891, as Miss Rachel Gurney. She has a home in Worcestershire—Witley Court, Stourport.

MISFITS AND MISS FIRE.



THE ESCAPED CONVICT (*having compelled little Spifkins to effect a change of clothing*): You take my tip, guv'nor, an' 'op it quick. If them warders sees yer they'll shoot!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



A FATAL BLEND OF INDIAN AND SPANISH: THE MEXICANS AND THEIR LEADERS.*

"WHAT is the latest from the rumour factory?" Mr. Hamilton Fyfe declares that he found this the usual salutation in Mexico City the other day when he at last reached it after many cross-country adventures. We, on the other side of things in America and Europe, are chiefly dependent for information on a little frontier town among the mountains; El Paso is its name, and Mr. Fyfe breaks it to us that "el paso-gram" has come to be used as a synonym for a sensational, scare-headed exaggeration. Mexicans themselves are sure that we know nothing, not even the most elementary truths, about their country; they meet responsible business men who confess to having thought of Mexico as being in South America, and famous men of science who speak of it as "quite a small place"—a country that is about as big as Europe! So Mr. Fyfe's sane little book, with its comprehensible English, is a good thing to find just now.



MAKING THE OLD-TIME PATCH COMPARATIVELY A MODEST AFFAIR! A BIRD PAINTED ON THE CHEEK.

Photograph by Alfieri.

The Mexican Blend. He has met and talked with the great Generals of either side, Federal and Constitutional; during his determined dash south for Mexico he held passes to get him through both camps, and he has discovered that Mexicans accept civil war as a natural condition of life. But Mr. Fyfe goes deeper when he shows the Mexican to be of a primitive and even barbarous race, so fatally blended between Indian and Spanish, with a mentality far distant from that of Europe or America, and incapable—five-sixths of them—of "the conception of any form of government except personal government by force."

The Mexican Cromwell.

The author had an interview with

General Carranza, chief of the

rebel forces. Like President Madero, like Cromwell too, Carranza lived until a few years ago tranquilly occupied "with private business and the thousand futilities of social life." A Spaniard of pure descent, of great dignity, amiable and scholarly—"We Constitutionalists," he remarked, "refuse to recognise any President who may be returned at the fraudulent election [all elections are fraudulent in Mexico]. We shall execute anybody who does recognise him." We Constitutionalists! This is the Mexican party standing for Liberalism and Democracy. Another distinguished Insurrecto told Mr. Fyfe that the democratic idea is making progress there because—a new kind of dynamite bomb has been invented which enables them to blow up railways! "Think of it," he said gleefully; "seven trains destroyed in two weeks." Well may our author conclude that for such enthusiasts the ballot-box is far too tame and tedious.

The Man Whom Benton Called On.

General Villa, whose name is so big in our newspapers just now, is the best soldier the rebels have. Mr. Fyfe tells how he took Juarez by seizing the railway, piling his men into the train, and forcing the telegraph operators to announce them as freight-trains, thus getting his troops into the city before anyone suspected they were on the way there. Cover is the chief object to the Mexican when bullets fly, but General

Villa has his remedy. In action he places his forces with those behind authorised to shoot their comrades in front who turn tail. Now, Mexican shooting is bad, and soldiers find it safer to rush on towards the enemy than face the bullets awaiting them in the close rear. Villa is a plunderer like the rest, but he loots decently and in order. He does not allow his men to pillage the shops; he steps down to the banks, demands some little sum like £300,000, and leaves with his booty. If a brother General, like Carranza, puts in for a bit—"Take your chance of a bullet as I do," replies Villa, "and you will get your share." So report goes, at least, and Villa's personality has evidently touched the Mexican imagination.

The Eternal Feminine. Women take their own share of the national fortunes.

Mr. Fyfe heard dainty ones "talking unconcernedly about *peons* hung on telegraph-poles, and the 'funny way' in which soldiers spun round when they were shot." He was present at the bombardment of Monterey, when an Irish-woman herself rescued the women and children of the British Vice-Consul, in a Red Cross automobile, and another saved a house from destruction by haranguing a mob of drunken soldiers. When President Huerta seized hundreds of men by night in Mexico City for his army, he also had women "pressed" to go with the new soldiers and take care of them. Whatever the day's march, they are always on the camping-ground before the men arrive. Rigging shelters, cooking, mending, roughly tending wounds (for there is no Army Service Corps), without these *soldaderas* the army could not move.



TROUSERS FOR LADIES—AND CREASED AND TURNED-UP AT THAT! A CURIOUS COMBINATION OF MAN'S DRESS AND WOMAN'S DRESS FROM PARIS.

Photograph by Grantham Bain.

Gringos. "Green grow the leaves of the hawthorn tree," sang the Americans as they marched an invading force across Mexico country in '46, and "Gringos" they contemptuously remain in Mexican mind and speech to this day. "Hustle" is noxious to the Mexican; he still uses the same kind of plough that Abraham ploughed with, and there is illumination in the parallel Mr. Fyfe suggests between Mexico and South Africa, between the Indian President Huerta and the Boer President Kruger. But this makes for charm; Mr. Fyfe's reader is delightfully aware of it, strolling with him through Mexico City.

A Chinese View. He tells of the Chinese Envoy taken there sight-seeing. They showed him the white marble of the unfinished National Theatre: "Beautiful! but what a pity it not finished." They showed him the half-built Parliament House where no hammer-blow now falls: "Magnificent! but what a pity not finished." They showed him Porfirio Diaz, very old and very deaf: "Wonderful! but what a pity he finished." "Yes, it was the finishing of Diaz which led to Mexico's troubles to-day." Support the strongest man, says Mr. Fyfe (in effect to the United States), after the British way in India. With a strong army behind him, peace may return to this interesting country "very close to bankruptcy and torn by civil war."



QUEERLY HEAD-DRESSED AND CLOAKED: BÜCKEBURG WOMEN IN FESTAL DRESS.

Bückeburg is the capital of the Principality of Schaumburg-Lippe.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

* "The Real Mexico." By Hamilton Fyfe. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 6s. net.)

"O Moments Big as Years!"



No. IV.—WHEN WE INADVERTENTLY TREAD UPON OUR HOSTESS'S PET DOG.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE LAST SIREN: "A CHRISTMAS GARLAND" FOR MAX BEERBOHM.

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

(In undertaking for this occasion only the rôle of the "sedulous ape" the author hopes that he will not be understood to have abated one jot of his admiration for the shining author of "Zuleika Dobson.")

THE moon—like a meringue exploded on night's coffin-lid, and with precisely the same sheen as if John Sargent had painted it—decorated a rusky sky. Down below it was the deserted White City—the Shepherd's Bush Pompeii in mid-winter. It was so nearly mid-winter that at any moment it would be Christmas Day.

In the grey and silver spread of the pavilioned enclosure there was a passionate silence. The night patrols had wisely gone home to bed as there was no one to supervise their patrolling. Only the bust of Herodotus outside the Arabian pavilion seemed alive. The old body-less head shook disapprovingly over something. To his quivering plaster nostrils had come a whiff of the essence of poinsettias. Suddenly he became rigid save that his eyes bulged and his ears pointed. He felt the oncoming of woman—woman in bulk.

The clock struck half-past eleven. (Ah! Timepiece of the albuminous metropolis, little you knew as you struck what woe and desolation would come with the dawning.) Enteuthen there exelaunaied—as Herodotus whispered to himself—from all corners of the white waste an army of women. They walked in silence.

Their leader, who made her way to the bridge that crossed the largest of the lakes, was slinky. She wore slinky silks, preciously slit—kneewards. A strangely beautiful girl this. She had the eyes of the girl in the third picture from the left in the South London Art Gallery, a mouth to which Cupid had often fitted arrows, and ears that had hushed all the music out of sea-shells. She had supreme hair, fine, plentiful and accoutred for its most generous display. From the red-rose garter that blushed at the height to which the cold-blooded scissors had slit, hung a little copper ball that tinkled, remindfully.

Round the shores of the lake as far as the eye could reach were women, the most beautiful women in this country. There were red women and black women, yellow and green women, blue and spotted women, and even a few chrysoprased wenches. They were all slinky. Some wore jewels, *parures*, and all that sort of thing; others wore gauds. But they were a thoroughly representative collection, for ours is a cosmopolitan country. Their costumes were of all kinds. Some were in peignoirs, some in bathing costume, some in dressing-gowns, some in the luxury of a night-dress only, some in pyjamas—these out of French farces—some in a blue sash. It was an overwhelming gathering of all the most beautiful women in this country.

When the leader asked the silent women to be silent they were silent.

The leader, having raised her white arms aloft, cried aloud, "No Votes for Women!"

A murmur of assent came from thousands of beautiful throats, all the same inside, but varying in beauty outwardly.

"What was that?" asked Herodotus, almost beside his pedestal with curiosity.

"Νο. φoτες φορ ουμεν,"

whispered a Greek girl who happened to be in his neighbourhood. Her accent was vile, certainly, the false quantities being utterly excruciating—as in the Oxford and Cambridge pronunciation of Latin—but he caught her meaning.

"You know why we are here to-night," the leader cried to her followers. "To-morrow it is practically certain that the Bill for the enfranchisement of women will become an Act. We have employed all peaceful methods of agitation to defeat the Bill. We have

failed. We are now about to take the final step of protest to which we all are pledged."

She paused. While she paused, the Greek girl, who wore but a girdle of gold thread and, of course, the usual *parure*, reckoned that the silk of the leader's slinky frock must have cost not less than eight guineas a yard.

"We, the only beautiful women in this country, long ago made up our minds that if man for whom we became beautiful, if man for whom as far back as the early Pleistocene period we sacrificed all qualities save those that satisfied his desire, if man, I say, played us so false as to condemn us to a new process of evolution—we should register our protest in the gravest of all possible manners—namely, by dying at our own hands."

You see they are all going to die. You know now. Herodotus is nodding his old head, but he does not understand.

"There is no place for beautiful women in this country once that accursed Bill becomes an Act. There is no place for the fair daughters of beautiful women. A new creature must be evolved, so man has decreed. A new creature that does the man things in the man way. Of women's crowning glory there shall be no more. Shear your craniums. Of sweet soft skins there shall be no more. Unplumb your baths and bury your soaps and scents. Of eyes that woo to ecstatic destruction there shall be no more. Redden your lids with study and the use of books. Do everything, in fact, that your soul has always ached to be saved from."

"Never, never, never," came the tide of cooing voices.

"We know that the new existence is impossible for us. We know that our beauty and its power are our only happiness. Man has not understood that. He will understand to-morrow when he wakes in his desert of plain women. It is nearly twelve. As the clock strikes we will all plunge. I have felt the water. It is not as cold as you may imagine. Remember as you die that you are in all probability not dying in vain. The Bill surely must collapse in face of this tragedy. Wait till man realises that from Upper Tooting to Willesden Green, from Land's End to John O'Groats, and various other from's and to's—there is not a single girl or, for the matter of that, married woman, who has any more physical attraction for him than—let us say—the Bodleian Library."

Roars of laughter greeted the sally, and the beautiful creatures pressed to the brink of the lake ready for the plunge. It was one minute to twelve!

* * * * *

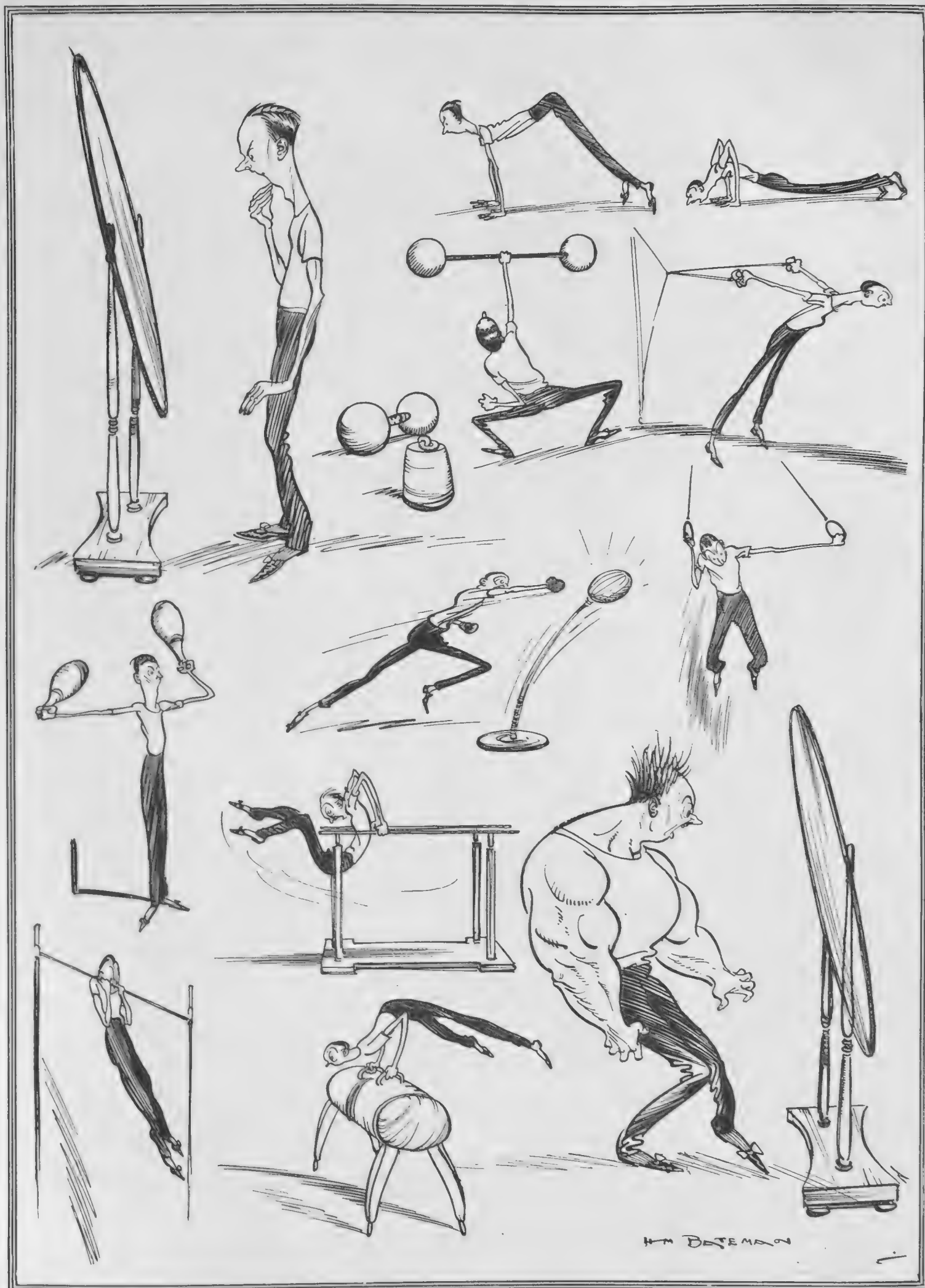
Meanwhile, you will ask, what were the Gods doing? I always, drag them in, for I know how you miss them if I don't. You know the story I am telling—(have you not the *Mirror* pictures of the tragedy even at this moment pasted on the kitchen wall?)—and knowing that I was not present, you have already bridled at the impertinence of my word-picture. But you will forgive all if I give a few chapters on the Gods. Because it is my subject.

Well, the Gods, nine of them (the nine by whom Lars Porsena of Clusium swore), were sitting round a fairly flat cloud playing poker. Zeus, seated on a pile of Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street," had the deal, and the other eight Gods had their sixteen eyes fixed firmly if unaggressively upon him.

It is the duty of the Gods not only to arrange our destiny but also to keep an eye on the world to see that we don't bilk. Thus, between hands, they would turn up a corner of the cloud and take

(Continued overleaf.)

THE (TOP)HEAVYWEIGHT.



THE MAN WHO FORGOT HIS LEGS: A COMMENT ON A CURRENT CRAZE.

Our Artist here indicates the horrible results of developing one part of the body to the exclusion of the rest. He shows us the tragic state of a man who, in cultivating his biceps, overlooked the fact that he was a biped.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

a glance down at the White City—but only between hands. Is there not a wise maxim taught to all newcomers to Olympus?

"Unless it be between hands keep thine eyes in heaven lest four aces be put up against thee."

The back-chat was necessarily about the women in the Exhibition grounds.

Apollo said that he did not think any one of them, that is to say, of the male Gods, would ever regret it. All the beautiful women had hitherto gone elsewhere. So he had it from Charon, who, Zeus would remember, came up for a week-end in the rainy season.

Hera and Athene were inclined to be sniffy. They viewed the whole arrangements of their male colleagues as in the highest degree selfish.

Hera had the greatest difficulty in keeping her hair on. (If I had not said that, remember that a great number of you would have resented the omission. *Maxima bona pro maximum numerum.* What?)

Athene, who practically doted on Dr. Angelo Rappoport, and would, indeed, sit on nothing else, thought that Heaven was no place for hussies. Diana, whose only couch consisted of the works of Henry Savage Landor and F. G. Aflalo, said that the wenches might be used as beaters in the Olympian coverts, and conscious of her own physical splendour, rather welcomed the arrival of free labour.

Hephaestus, Poseidon, and Dionysus said nothing, but the latter was observed to drink deeply. His Roman name was Bacchus. If you had been to Oxford you would have known that, but, believe me, your disabilities are ever green in my memory. Ah! Oxford! Alma mater Maximiliani Beerbohmi, alma mater discipulorum Rhodesianorum, alma—yes, yes. All right! I'll go on.

To the gods—Astyages. Astyages had news. The most beautiful women in Great Britain were beginning to arrive. The Gods rose, Zeus promptly trousering the contents of the Jack-pot, and hastened to the servants' entrance.

* * * * *

I return to the Asuffragettes. It was one second to twelve. The moon was looking more like an exploded meringue than ever. Herodotus was nodding for all the world as if he were Homer. There was a still and lovely hush. Only one copper-bell trembled—remindfully.

The clock struck. Thousands of lovely eyes, wooing brown, melting blue, mesmerising grey, and other colours, were turned towards their leader. She put her hands together as if for the camera, and plunged. Simultaneously she became asperged.

Instantly those nearest to the lake followed her example. Heedless of their costly peignoirs, pyjamas, and night-dresses, they plunged, plunged to their death. In a moment the cutlery of the moon-bathed lake was buried deep into feminine loveliness.

Those in front plunged first because those behind could not get in front of them. Nevertheless, there was no discourtesy.

A French girl standing behind an English girl was heard to say, "Après vous, Mademoiselle"; and the English girl was heard to reply, "Merci beaucoup, Mademoiselle." It was all like that.

In a few moments the lake was covered with floating peignoirs, sashes, *parures*, and pyjama coats. It was a strange sight indeed for Herodotus—who, as usual, perspired.

But what of their leader? She was, of course, under water, swimming, swimming for dear life, holding her breath. All her past life came up, but she stayed down. She remembered those nights at Alfieri, those days at the Hussuf Mejidieh, those evenings on the Campo Santo. Almost everything she remembered had a foreign name. She never remembered that once she used to steal milk-cans in Peckham.

Suddenly she became conscious that there was something she had left undone. What the dickens could it be? She rose to the surface. Many other bright young faces, all smiles, appeared at the same time. Ah! Of course, of course! That was it. It was Christmas Day.

"A merry Christmas," cried the leader.

"A merry Christmas indeed," cried her followers.

"The compliments of the season," cried some.

"The coblímuds of the seasud," said others who felt the cold.

Herodotus perspired more than ever. Indeed, no one was quite unaffected.

Her mind satisfied, the leader allowed herself to sink. Smilingly her loveliness went to its last sleep.

The aspersions continued without abatement. Very soon the lake was full up with drowned beauties, and those awaiting their turn were compelled to pull out vast numbers of the dead in order to make room for themselves. In this common-sense way, the demands of all were soon satisfied. Roughly, by one o'clock the last batch had cleared sufficient room for their own individual protest. The most beautiful women in Great Britain had one and all snuffed it.

* * * * *

Did I say all? Did I say that one and all of the most beautiful women had perished? I was wrong. There was one beautiful woman in England who did not perish that night.

She was typist to a prosperous theatrical agent, and as slinky as even George Moore could have wished. Her name was Esmé Haughtyhand, from the Limehouse branch of the Haughtyhand family. She was as black as coal, save for her forehead, cheeks, and mouth. The forehead and cheeks were white, and the mouth a scarlet smear.

Esmé had meant to die that night. She didn't, because almost at the last minute she had a dreadful attack of neuralgia and could not attend the White City meeting. So it came about that she was not only the prettiest, but the only pretty woman in Great Britain.

When the interviewers sought her out she said nothing about the neuralgia, but pretended ignorance of her beauty. She expressed herself as quite "knocked" at the idea that she had any physical qualifications that would entitle her to take her place among the noble army that had perished on the preceding night. She was also "taken all aback."

However, she became a celebrity. Her photograph was everywhere, and thousands of men followed her on her daily walk to the office. Her employer, a man of business (who, of course, has a perfect right to exist), wisely decided to put her on the stage.

True, there were plenty of actresses left, but no chorus-girls. Every "beauty chorus" in London had perished. The hall fortunate enough to secure Esmé's services would be able to advertise her as

THE ONLY CHORUS-GIRL IN LONDON.

Her salary, to the surprise of Mr. John Burns, was £5000 a week, which, less agent's commission, enabled her to have one meat meal every day and an omnibus ride when it was wet.

To appreciate the extraordinary scenes at the music-hall on the first night of her appearance it is necessary to try and imagine what a siren-less London would be like. No one realises how utterly necessary to our existence is the pretty woman. She is to life what caper-sauce is to boiled mutton, also what the hook is to the eye. Above all, she is a motive.

The seats were sold, needless to say, to the wealthiest men. The poets who deserved to be present could not scrape up the thousand guineas required for admission. Still, quite a number of educated men were included in the audience.

The early part of the famous revue, "Well, I'm jiggered," was received with impatience. It was Esmé, and Esmé only, that men wanted.

She made her appearance modestly enough, seated in a basket of flowers inside an enormous shell lit up with four thousand electric lights and balanced on the back of a white elephant. She wore her *parures*, of course, and a few zones and fillets. She looked more *noir et rouge* (black and red) than ever.

An actress down by the footlights commenced her song. It was Esmé's business to sing the chorus.

* * * * *

But you will be asking what were the Gods doing all this—all right. Have it your own way. I only wanted to mention that Zeus—very well. I will go on.

* * * * *

Esmé sang the chorus very much as might be expected. If you have ever heard a Guardsman's affinity burst into laughter on a Thames backwater you have a pretty general idea of the sound of the thing.

The men listened in awed silence. They felt how vile it was, but their eyes conquered their ears. She was fair, my aching heart, she was wondrous fair. That scarlet sear wherefrom the sound percolated through rows of ice-pears! That hair whose gleaming heaviness drew back her head and stretched her peerless throat! Those eyes which—oh—believe—me—she—was—just—too—utterly—slinky!

When she had finished her chorus, the men sang it. They sang it reverently and solemnly, their hearts big with a great joy. It was a Greek moment. Everybody felt Greek, and those who knew the language sang it. Thus for the first time in the history of the variety profession a dead language became alive and echoed through bar and lounge and promenade—

You μαᾶε υς λοφε νου.
Ουε ειδοντ ουαντ το εο ιτ.

which may be roughly translated as—

You made us love you.
We did not want to do it.

After the elephant had carried Esmé off, many strong men wept. The weak men went to the bars and had a drink.

* * * * *

The sequel, as may be well imagined by anyone who knows how my brain works, was hyper-extraordinary. Esmé married the Prime Minister (whose wife was among the drowned), and the angry passions of the baffled mob were assuaged by the annulment of the Woman's Enfranchisement Act. Vast numbers of beautiful girls were shipped into the country from the Colonies and America, and equitably distributed among the bereaved. The clergy worked day and night solemnising marriages, and there was a great boom in trade.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

NAMED AFTER A MINERAL SPRING BLESSED BY A POPE: THE ROME COURSE AT ACQUA SANTA.

On the Course at Acqua Santa.

Playing the game of golf at Rome is an enterprise that abounds in interest and entertainment. Waiting on the first tee for the couple in front—who missed their drives, and are endeavouring with some difficulty to niblick their way from the bank of the hollow to the happy plain above, whence they have a promising view of the first hole away to the left—you almost inevitably ask the genial Roman golfer who is to share the joys and trials of the day with you why the land upon which the course is laid is called Acqua Santa, and where the holy water, if any, may be found. He tells you then that away in a corner by the fifth hole, near the farmhouse, is a little spring which in days gone by was considered, perhaps not

other half in Rome, where he plays golf nearly every day. A very promising young Roman golfer is Don Francesca Ruspoli, a finely built, athletic young player with an excellent style. His mother is American, and he was educated at an English public school.

The Successful Secretary.

One of the most persevering Roman golfers is the Conte D. Peceorini Manzoni, who makes better and more systematic use of a long handicap than any other man I have encountered. He is one of those mortals who have so many strokes given to them that against bogey, and a number of human beings as well, they get two strokes at some holes; and he was explaining to me, coming home from Acqua Santa the other night, how he never tried to do a hole in less than the liberal number of strokes that were generally allowed to him. That is the true way to get on in golf, and you may not be surprised then to know that in the qualifying competition for the President's Cup, just held, this noble Roman headed the list. But just at the moment of writing this dispatch a courier has come dashing in from the Campagna with the news for me that in the final of that most important tournament the Roman has fallen, and the victor is a Briton, Mr. R. C. R. Young, who is the hon. secretary of the club, and the one who labours most effectively in its interests. I believe with Mr. Young that there is a very great future indeed for the golf of Rome, and that the game must have a definite and very important place in the present Roman scheme of things because it has been proved that British and American people will not stay long there—or anywhere else—unless they can play golf, and they will stay when they get to know the course and see its magnificent quality. Ambassadors are generally great men for golf: I have seen them at it in many capitals, and generally, be it said for them, they make a very fair thing of their game. Here in Rome the



THE HON. SECRETARY OF THE ROME GOLF CLUB: MR. R. C. R. YOUNG.

Mr. Young has just won the Cup presented by the President, Don Prospero Colonna.



THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO ITALY GOLFING AT ROME: MR. THOMAS NELSON PAGE DRIVING TO THE THIRD HOLE.

Mr. T. Nelson Page has been U.S. Ambassador at Rome since last year. He is well known as an author. He is *not* a brother of the U.S. Ambassador to this country.

without good reason, to have very splendid curative properties, and Popes of Rome came to it and blessed it accordingly. I believe that one of them derived some healing benefit from it. Still the spring makes happy service to mankind, for the golfers in these days play at Acqua Santa, and drink it between their rounds. It is one of the most delicious mineral waters that ever I have tasted, pleasantly bitter, and helping along one's appetite for the spaghetti and other Italian edibles that may be served at luncheon-time, though, for the matter of that, we find it best in Rome to do as the Roman golfers do and take a little packet of viands, solid and select, to serve as complement to the limited fare which the Italian dame who manages the club-house establishment is able to provide. Now do not set any limitations of this latter kind against the golf of Rome for incompleteness and discomfort, for neither impression is created. We get all we want in every way, and there is more, if needed, of nearly everything, and all the time there is a certain businesslike simplicity—something suggestive of the strength and thoroughness of the early golfers—about the system of the game in modern Rome. I would a thousand times rather, for one's own golfing enjoyment and satisfaction, and for the prospects of the game in the Eternal City, that we go on here in this way for some time longer than that the club-house shall be made merely a social rendezvous—just that and nothing more—for the people who play their parts in the whirl and gaiety of modern Rome.

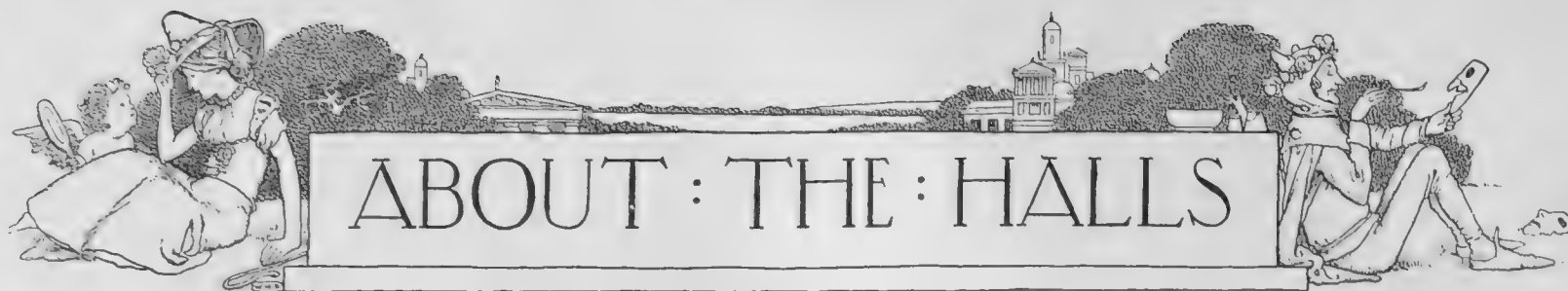
Roman Golfers. and Some Others.

But let it not be imagined that in a good and sensible and honest way the golf club of Rome at Acqua Santa is not already a considerable social centre. It is that, and perhaps some day the King of Italy—already patron of the club—will join himself to the majority of other Kings and become a golfer too, and then the game will thrive more than ever. As it is, a leading member of the famous historical family of Colonna, Don Prospero Colonna, is President of the club, and a number of the most eminent people of Rome are among the members. Princes and Princesses, Counts and Countesses, American millionaires and Ambassadors of nearly all countries, may be found playing the game regularly at Acqua Santa. The keenest golfer of them all is Dr. Wayman Cushman, who is handicapped at plus 4, and who is an American who spends half his year in Maine and the



AN AL-FRESCO LUNCH AT THE ROME GOLF CLUB: PRINCESS ALBERT RADZIWILL, THE DUKE DI SANGRO, AND DON FRANCISCO ROSPIGLIOSI.

Ambassadors are at least as good as any others in this respect, and they concentrate splendidly on their game. The American Ambassador, Mr. Nelson Page, is wonderfully keen, and gives a splendid lead to the numerous American colony in Rome.—HENRY LEACH.



DANCING AT THE COLISEUM AND THE PALACE : LAUGHTER-MAKING AT THE PAVILION.

THERE must in due course come an end to all good things; and despite the fact that there is no call for Mlle. Adeline Genée to take her departure, her mind is made up on the point, and our only consolation must be her farewell visit to the Coliseum. Mlle. Genée has been with us a long while; but time has made but slight impression upon her, and it is with feelings akin to despair that one goes to see her dancing for the last occasions. She has chosen "Robert le Diable" for her finale, and her selection is undoubtedly a wise one; and she has made an equally good selection in choosing M. Alexandre Volinin to support her as Robert, Duke of Normandy. We are first introduced to a distinctly Mephistophelian person, who lays his plans, which are ultimately wrecked by the superior powers of Helena, a superwoman, who succeeds by means of her dancing in extracting the young Duke from the machinations of the Evil One. And it is a matter of small surprise that she is enabled to effect the rescue, for Mlle. Genée has lost none of the old arts with which she so long delighted us at the Empire. She still retains those old powers of enthralling the attention which used to hold us in Leicester Square, and time seems to make no difference to her. In her present part she appears to be upon the stage almost as long as the curtain is up, always light and graceful to the last degree, always full of activity, always elegant; and the more one watches her the more is one surprised that she should feel the necessity for terminating her dancing career. But she does feel it, and consequently one can only regret her determination, and wish her many long years of looking back to the charm which she has displayed and the ability she has had to afford delight to London audiences.

Saison Nijinsky. The Palace has selected the famous *premier danseur* for its chief attraction, and there are reports of tremendous booking to see him. Nijinsky is a vastly expensive "turn," and it is to be sincerely hoped that the enterprise will prove successful. He is supported by Mlle. Nijinska, M. Alexandre Kotschetowsky, and leading members of the Russian Imperial Ballet. He is undoubtedly a most attractive "number." The possessor of numerous patrons made during his appearances at Covent Garden, he should have the power of filling the Palace to overflowing. The programme, which is capable of any amount of change, began last week with "Les Sylphides," by Chopin, in which the whole company disports itself gaily to the brightest of music, and Nijinsky himself is seen in fine form. This is

particularly obvious

followed by a Danse Orientale by Sinding, which is admirably performed by Kotschetowsky, and by "Le Spectre de la Rose," which is beautifully rendered by Nijinsky and Mlle. Nijinska. Throughout his performance Nijinsky displays the powers that have brought him to his present position. He is not very masculine, but his every movement is distinguished by fineness of form and by the poetry of motion. His rhythm is quite superb, and he succeeds in investing all his movements with poetry. Even though one can hardly agree with everything that is said by the author of the souvenir programme in his behalf, one cannot fail to agree that he is a dancer of wholly unusual poetry and charm, and one cannot fail to appreciate the effect which he succeeds in producing upon his audiences. At the Palace he has the great advantage of being backed by Mr. Hermann Finck's orchestra, which renders the music admirably; while his supporters give him all the assistance he can possibly require. It is cordially to be hoped that the Palace will derive from the engagement the support which it undoubtedly deserves.



NOW PLAYING VERA REVENDAL IN "THE MELTING POT," AT THE QUEEN'S: MISS GRACE LANE.

Miss Phyllis Relf having to fill an engagement elsewhere, Miss Grace Lane is now playing the leading lady's part in Mr. Israel Zangwill's "The Melting Pot." Vera Revendal, it will be remembered, is that daughter of a Russian officer who falls in love with the young Jewish wonder-violinist, David Quixano.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

At the Pavilion. The newest "turn" at the Pavilion is Mr. Neil Kenyon in "Scotch Character Sketches," and he succeeds in drawing laughter loud and continuous from his audiences. The Caledonian has made his mark upon the music-hall stage ever since Mr. Harry Lauder made his first appearance, and there is certainly room for more than one of the variety. Mr. Kenyon is as different from Mr. Lauder as anyone can reasonably ask, and at the Pavilion, where laughter comes readily and without restraint, he is a conspicuous favourite. He appears first as the station-master at Dunrobin, and next as a caddie on the links at the same place, and in both rôles he is eminently entertaining. Little Scotch wheezes fall from him continually, and he stops and allows them to sink slowly into the intelligences of Londoners, who require a little time for the due appreciation of Northern humour. But the required recognition almost invariably comes, and the comedian is triumphant. He is assisted by a person of undoubted comic powers, who goes through the old routine of eminently bad golf-playing coupled with an adaptability to minor blackmail which is very mirth-provoking; and all the time there fall from Mr. Kenyon the little quips which please and amuse an audience. The Scotch tongue is not an easy one to follow and decipher, and it requires a grim determination on the part of the user to make it "go," but Mr. Neil Kenyon may claim that his humour is clearly seen and appreciated by the frequenters of the "Pav."

ROVER.



ON THE EXPEDITION HE MADE BEFORE JOINING THE GAIETY THEATRE COMPANY TO PLAY A NUT IN "AFTER THE GIRL": MR. W. CECIL, ELDEST SON OF THE REV. LORD WILLIAM CECIL, IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Shortly before Mr. Randle William Cecil joined the Gaiety Theatre Company, he made a trip (accompanied by Mr. Roger Pocock) with saddle and pack animals across British Columbia, and the Columbian lava deserts—some 1600 miles. Mr. Cecil is here seen oiling harness at the barn-door of a ranche, assisted by the daughter of the house, and her dog. The barn door-step is always the great assembly place on Canadian ranches.



THE COMFORT OF "OVERSIZES": THE BENZOL-TAX RUMOUR: DAIMLER SCHOLARSHIPS: TRUMPETS FOR THE T.T.

Continental Oversizes a Real Boon.

Some little time since I owned and drove a standard 15.9-h.p. car that the makers turned out fitted with 810 mm. by 90 mm. tyres on all four wheels. The car itself was a little hardly sprung, and something on the heavy side. She was certainly not as comfortable as she ought to have been, and I suffered somewhat from tyre-troubles from time to time. I was advised not to weaken the springs, as all springs get more supple the longer they are in use, and the withdrawal of a leaf would have reduced them too much altogether. This ownership occurred just about the time that those well-known tyre-makers the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company (Great Britain), Ltd.—to give them their full title—put their several oversizes upon the market; and the fact that a firm like this, with a great reputation at stake, were confident that these oversize tyres could be safely used with the lower-sized rims caused me to invest in a pair of the largest size they alleged the 810 by 90 rims would take. The extra tyre-area and the lower pressure at which I was able to run these tyres made all the difference between some discomfort and real comfort; while the mileage I got from the oversize tyres exceeded my previous best by quite twenty per cent. The Continental Oversizes are a distinct boon.

The Basilisk to Batten on Benzol.

A rumour is afloat to the effect that the tax-hungry Chancellor of the Exchequer has at last fixed his baleful eye on benzol, and that that home-grown fuel will presently be subjected to the iniquitously heavy tax which the private motor-car owner is forced to pay on his petrol. Now benzol was just a little stick with which the plundered automobile public could get in a dig or two at the grasping monopolists who have put motor-fuel up to the crushing price of 1s. 9d. per gallon; but even this poor little advantage is presently to be wrenched from motorists. The private owner could assuredly become powerful enough if he would but realise the many injustices inflicted upon him by the authorities and the trusts; but, for lack of association and co-operation, he takes all his whippings lying down, and will be found to be submitting to this last infliction with only here and there a murmur. He is as one crying in the wilderness, for the associations and societies presumed to safeguard his interests did originally betray him, and have since done little or nothing to ameliorate his condition. Why should the private motorist be robbed at the rate of 1s. 9d. per gallon, when petrol is sold to the taxi-cab driver at 1s. 1½d., which includes the duty? The odourlessness of the taxi-cab exhaust proves that the spirit used therein is nearly, if not quite, as good as that sold to the private motorist.

An Example to the Industry.

It would be well, I ween, for the future of the automobile industry if certain other of our leading motor-car manufacturing firms were to follow the excellent lead set them by the Daimler Company, Ltd., in the matter of the admission of pupils to their works. The Daimler system of teaching the young idea how to shoot in the

matter of automobile engineering has now obtained for some years with the most gratifying results—so gratifying, indeed, that just lately the scheme of the Daimler Scholarships has been very considerably broadened. Formerly, scholarships were limited to one major and four minor awards, but in future it will be possible for any pupil to win a scholarship if his work reaches a sufficiently high standard. Automobile engineering is a profession that demands very conscientious application to work during the first few years. It is a profession that has no specified system of instruction culminating in the award of a degree, as have some other callings, and it is therefore open to the various firms to use their own discretion as to how they assist in providing first-class men to carry on their higher work. Engineers of to-day need much more scientific knowledge than was possessed in earlier times, and the Daimler Company—greatly to their credit—are affording our youth such opportunities.



THE RED HAND OF ULSTER, THE SHAM-ROCK, AND THE CROWN: THE SIGN OF THE MOTOR-CAR CORPS OF THE ULSTER VOLUNTEER FORCE.

No Booming for the Tourist Trophy.

Why does one now hear little or nothing of the Tourist Trophy Race, which we know is to be on June 10 and 11 in the Isle of Man? The motor-public are to be allowed, it seems, to let this great event fall wholly out of mind; to the detriment of the attendance, for by the time those in charge wake up and begin to trumpet it, many will have unwittingly made other arrangements which, much as they would like to cross to Mona's Isle in June next, they then will be unable to forego. I could wish that those responsible for the booming, or the want of booming, of this event would take a leaf out of the book of the promoters of the

Grand Prix and other great Continental events. From the moment that the date of one of these contests is decided, those most nearly concerned take pains to give some interesting information with regard to it, every week—nay, almost every day, in the Press. Long before the allotted day, the public are cognisant of the general features of each and every car that is likely to compete, the men who are likely to drive,



AN UNUSUAL SIGHT: MR. F. B. FOWLER, THE EASTBOURNE AIRMAN, ATTENDS THE MEET OF THE HAILSHAM HARRIERS IN HIS AEROPLANE.

Photograph by McKenzie.

the work being done on the course, and the preparations contemplated in connection with the event. Here, the customary proceeding is for the whole thing to be allowed to remain unhonoured and unsung until a few days before the race.



LADY DROGHEDA'S Futuristic dining-room, is not her first experiment in Wilton Crescent. Four years ago, she was a pioneer in black. "How funereal!" said her friends when they heard; but the result was quite as lively as any arrangement in pinks and yellows. Every touch of colour that gets into a room



MRS. ESMOND ROBINSON, WHOSE MARRIAGE HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED. It has just been announced that a marriage took place a while ago between Esmond, eldest son of Mr. William Peart Robinson, J.P., of Dallam Tower, Milnthorpe, Westmorland, and Gladys, widow of the late Bernard Redwood, son of Sir Boverton Redwood, Bt., the well-known oil expert.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

with black walls is given a special value, and Lady Drogheda's golden curtains were famous in a fortnight. Such was her dining-room; in her drawing-room Velazquez set the note: greys, purples, bear-skins—and again greys! The room was as full of neutral tints as a picture by the Spaniard. "But why drag in Velazquez?" asked a Futurist friend. And then Mr. Wyndham Lewis was let loose.

The Sporting Chance in Wilton Crescent.

Of old, a house was judged by its table. "Say 'no'; I can't abide her *chef*," or "Say 'yes'; I like her *entrées*," used to be an epicure's way of dealing with his dinner invitations. But now the war is carried as far as the wall-papers. It is impossible to ignore Lady Drogheda's decorations, however admirable her cook.



MARRIED TO MRS. GLADYS REDWOOD: MR. R. MESMOND ROBINSON.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

surprising frankness over the coffee-cups (who first started the bogey of Cabinet secrets!). But not all journalists have practised the arts of friendliness so successfully, and when, last week, Mr. E. V. Lucas joined Sir Henry's party he had to face half-a-dozen people he has done his best to caricature. Sir George Alexander, Sir Robertson Nicoll, and Winston all figure more or less absurdly in the famous "Lives of the 'Lustrious'"; and when, after lunch, its author began to make notes on his cuffs, it was obvious that he was contemplating a second edition!

Eastern Eating. Nothing could well exceed the unpleasantness of Millicent Duchess of Sutherland's recent experience in the East. To be taken ill on a journey, among the

strange people, sights, sounds, and (in deference to Mr. Kipling let them be mentioned) smells of an unknown town is in itself bad enough; but when the illness is ptomaine-poisoning the sum of misery is reached. A sense of utter dereliction and a desire to die far more acute than that which assails the traveller among tumbling seas settle upon the unfortunate sufferer. To come through the places in which the Duchess was journeying even without ptomaine-poisoning is something of a trial. The region is very hospitable, and the cooking extremely queer. A really gracious host rolls the food in the palms of his hands before handing it to his guests. The Duchess was fully honoured in all such observances.

D—.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has not half the grievance of Professor Henry Goudy. To have your name written Goose is almost to be caressed—everybody recognises in "You little goose" a term of the greatest endearment. But a leading London paper is a little cruel in referring to Professor Goudy as Professor Doudy. Perhaps it is fortunate that the famous Professor of Civil Law is a bachelor, and has no indignant ladies of the family to explain to him how certainly he has been a victim to the worst of all possible Ds.



FORMERLY VISCOUNT MELGUND: THE NEW EARL OF MINTO.

The new Lord Minto was born on Feb. 12, 1891. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the Lothians and Border Horse Yeomanry, and is now in the Scots Guards.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The Slum of the Muses and an Emerald.

Mrs. Mosscockle, whose chauffeur used to find his way to the Poetry Bookshop long before the Duchesses had discovered the Slum of the Muses, has now issued her own most elegant volume of verse. The little portrait loosely inserted in copies that have been sent out to friends is not, sad to say, a reproduction of the wonderful Orchardson that was the portrait of its year when, just before the painter's death, it hung in the first room of the Royal Academy. Has Mrs. Mosscockle tired of Orchardson, or only of the lap-dog that kept her company on the walls of Burlington House?—painted pets *do* grow monotonous at times, even the best of them.



OUT FOR AN AIRING IN SMITH SQUARE, NEAR THEIR HOME: MASTERS DAVID AND MICHAEL McKENNA, CHILDREN OF THE HOME SECRETARY.

Photograph by C.N.

It cannot be that she is weary of the gorgeous emerald that flashed among the white furs and golden laces of the canvas—a green island in a sea of milk and honey.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Canadian Play. Mr. William Somerset Maugham's brilliant and arresting play, "The Land of Promise," is, in the last analysis, a treatise on what Mill called the subjection of women. Here we have another Norah, but an English Norah (a trifle old-fashioned, perhaps, but that is the fault of ten years at Tunbridge Wells), who does not revolt, but submits. The playgoer will say that she cannot help herself, and that in that lonely Canadian hut she was as much at the mercy of the brutal "hired man" as any prehistoric girl whose marriage ceremony consisted of being clubbed on the head and dragged by her bridegroom into his thatched hut. Personally, I do not think any man born on American soil, and inheriting the American ideas about women, would have behaved quite like Norah's farm-labourer; but then we should have had the usual sentimental play, and not the original piece of stagecraft which Mr. Maugham has given us. And after the stuffiness, the mean pettiness, of that drawing-room in Tunbridge Wells, with views of the Rhine painted in foxy water-colours on the walls, the air of the wide prairie blows through the remaining acts of the play. Here we feel the great elemental forces of Nature at work, good and bad alike; the fatal weed which destroys the crop, and the loyal affection of the girl, offered at last, just when she might have gone back to England and all the comforts of villadom. It is notable that of the two young English people—man and woman—who journey

out to the Land of Promise, it is the boy who goes back to London and dissipation, afraid to face work and hardship, and the once delicately sheltered girl who remains. Does Mr. Maugham believe in the superiority in grit and courage of the modern young woman? It would seem so.

Exotic Englishwomen.

That, among all classes, the type of young Englishwoman has completely changed is now an acknowledged fact. Yet the type does not remain stable—nothing so dowdy would be allowed in this twentieth century—and every year or two we see a new race of young creatures around us, surprising, sometimes a little disquieting in their aspect. Others, with all their charm, youth, and *chic*, still only belong to the present hour, as it were. Only the other day an eminent art-critic,

of the past five years hence." This, from an observer like Mr. Konody, is of interest. The modes—it is true—do much to make our younger contemporaries look strange, with the ever-changing hair, so that one day the modern girl's forehead is covered to her eyebrows, and on the next as bare as that of a Tudor lady. Then the Oriental robes and scarves, the fluttering tunics and sandalled shoes, contribute still more to make an exotic-looking creature of the once prim and dowdy Englishwoman, who, with all her natural beauty and her abundant hair, could not, even ten years ago, hold her own with her more sophisticated Continental and American contemporaries.

Venturesome Voyages.

In these days the adventurous are not content with the Grand Tour, of trips round the world, or of sojourns in the desert, but they must needs (especially the women-folk) penetrate alone into the most fearsome places. China, it is true, is not barbarous or dangerous (except to missionaries); but it takes some courage to travel alone, as Mrs. Herbert T. Bulstrode has lately done, far into the interior of the Middle Kingdom, carried in a sedan by coolies, and accompanied only by two bearers and a "boy." Moreover, this lady made a tour in Southern Mongolia, which may truthfully—after her revelations about confined political prisoners—be called barbarous, and then, prevented by hostilities from crossing the Gobi Desert, she turned north-east, and travelling through Manchuria and Siberia, reached the capital of Mongolia by means of Russian boats and Russian tarantass. Though the travelling in Mongolia was very rough, Mrs. Bulstrode—a true modern in this respect—enjoyed sleeping in the open air, or in a canvas tent, and has returned to London, via the Siberian Railway, thoroughly pleased with her adventures and travels. It says a good deal for the prestige of the European woman when she can with more safety penetrate into these uncouth regions than she could into the slums of Whitechapel.

A Futurist as Decorator.

I should not wonder if a craze for Futurist decorations were to arise in modish circles. Whether we like Mr. Wyndham Lewis' sentiments of the human form or not, there is no doubt that the room which he has decorated, and which was, for exactly forty-eight hours, the talk of London, is striking and beautiful. It has originality, dignity, and repose; indeed, so marked was the atmosphere when people were invited to come and see it, that they moved about softly, conversing in whispers, their faces thrown up against the blue-black velvet walls, the only light in the room filtering through pinkish alabaster vases and great alabaster saucers on tripods. There is no vestige of furniture in this strange and beautiful room, but there will presently be a table, and on the table, candles. In an age when we are littered and cumbered with furniture of every description, the effect, on the nerves, of such an empty apartment is singularly soothing and attractive.



A POST-IMPRESSIONIST TEA-GOWN.

This tea-gown is composed of a little broché velvet coat in a deep shade of copper-brown, and a skirt with a Post-Impressionist pattern printed all over it in faded-leaf tints.

writing of one of Mr. Glyn-Philpot's canvases at the Grosvenor Gallery, declared that "future generations will be able to date this portrait—not, indeed, from such evidences as are afforded by fashion . . . but from a certain indescribable something in pose and expression which, without being *outré* or caricatured, belongs so much to the present day that it would have been inconceivable, say, five years ago, and will, presumably, be a thing



HERALDING A REVIVAL? THE NEW "BUSTLE" EFFECT IN DRAPERY.

The above is a toilette of hyacinth-blue charmeuse, showing a drapery in the new bustle effect. The bodice and tunic are carried out in Ninon of a paler shade, with touches of embroidery.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 25.

THE NITRATE POSITION.

AFTER being almost friendless for quite a long time, Nitrate shares are again attracting a fair amount of attention. We have always held the opinion that as soon as normal monetary and political conditions were restored in Europe, the consumption of the fertiliser would quickly encroach upon existing stocks. This view is now being confirmed, and consequently the outlook for the shares of the producing Companies is very much clearer.

The Chilean Nitrate Committee's figures for February have just been issued, and reveal a marked improvement in the statistical position. Deliveries during that period amounted to 368,710 tons, which compares with 233,160 tons during February 1913. The visible supply, which had steadily increased from 397,000 tons at the end of last June to 1,134,700 tons at the end of last month, has now been reduced to 907,740 tons, which is about 62,000 tons less than the visible supply twelve months ago.

As was only to be expected, there has been a corresponding improvement in the market sentiment, and the latest prices which we have heard are 7s. 11d. and 7s. 11½d. per quintal for delivery during the current year. It seems far from unlikely that the price will again go over 8s., but even at the lower figure the good Companies can earn excellent profits. It is probable that the whole group of shares will benefit, and therefore we advise discrimination. There are some shares which we should not recommend even if the price of Nitrate went to 10s. per quintal!

On the other hand, such shares as Liverpool, Rosario, and Anglo-Chilian we consider to be promising speculative investments. The first-named we have consistently recommended since the time when the shares stood at a very much lower price, and we still consider them the most attractive of the lot.

DEFAULTERS.

The Report of the Council of Foreign Bondholders always makes interesting reading, and the fact that the list of defaulting States has been greatly reduced of late years has not altered this—nor has it, we believe, in any way decreased either the work or the usefulness of the Council.

During the past year the negotiations with Guatemala were finally completed, and so Honduras is now the only defaulter outside those nine notorious States of the United States of America. The difference in the attitude of the Federal Government towards these nine, which are within its own borders, and towards the Central and South American countries continues to be inexplicable.

With regard to Honduras the report is very reserved; negotiations are in progress for a settlement, but, in view of past disappointments, no details are published. It does not sound too hopeful.

Turning to Ecuador, the Council speak hopefully of a final settlement of all the arrears upon the Guayaquil and Quito Bonds before long. In the meantime, remittances are coming forward satisfactorily, and, in spite of the troubles in Esmeraldas, the general condition of the country is improving.

No one reading the report can doubt that investors owe a considerable debt of gratitude to the Council.

DEWAR'S WHISKY.

The distilling trade as a whole has been through a very difficult period during the last few years, owing mainly to the over-production and the accumulation of stocks. John Dewar and Sons, however, have managed to combat these difficulties successfully, and an examination of their results during the last decade reveals an almost uninterrupted advance.

The report for the year ended Jan. 31, which has just made its appearance, shows that the net profit amounted to £203,000, an increase of £1300 over the results of the previous twelve months. The dividend and bonus, however, remain unaltered at 42½ per cent., and after making identical allocations—namely, £20,000—to the various reserves, the carry-forward is increased by £2900 to £44,200.

The Company is undoubtedly in a strong financial position, but it is worthy of note that the debts due by the Company have increased from £967,400 to £1,129,000 during the past year. We presume this subject will be dealt with fully at the forthcoming meeting, and probably some scheme promulgated to rearrange this item. A year ago, it will be remembered, the Chairman stated that an appreciable part of this sum had been advanced by the managing directors for the general purposes of the business, and that some proposition regarding this would be shortly put before the shareholders. Financial conditions last year were, no doubt, responsible for the delay, but there is no longer any reason why the matter should not be adjusted.

"HERE AND THERE."

The Rubber Market on the Stock Exchange is at present purely a manipulated one, with Mincing Lane pulling the strings. The dealers in that interesting district buy or sell a line of Highlands or Linggis and put the price of the raw material up or down a penny or a ha'penny a pound, feeling quite sure that they can take 1-16 or 1-8 out of their shares. It is worth while to lose a few pounds on

raw rubber to make ten times as much out of the Stock Exchange. This is, of course, a mere revival of the game which a large operator played with Mexican Rails twenty years ago, in the days when that security was a favourite gambling counter, and the weekly traffics had an immediate effect on the price of the Common stock. It is now admitted that this operator kept a store of cotton at Vera Cruz which either remained at the terminus or travelled up and down the line every day to suit his book. Some people say he made £250,000 out of the manipulation, and we had it from his own lips that "it was a profitable speculation."

The dividend announcement at the rate of 9 per cent. on the Ordinary shares of William Whiteley, Ltd., brings the total distribution for the year up to 7 per cent. This indicates a welcome recovery in the trading profit, as the dividend a year ago was only 6 per cent. Whiteley's have got a very fine business and a very fine connection, and their provision departments are second to none in London. On the other hand, there is plenty of room for improvement in many ways, and the directors would do well to study the more modern methods of some of their competitors. The Ordinary shares must still be looked upon as somewhat speculative, but the Preference are an excellent Industrial investment.

The Paraguay Central Railway has been steadily improving its position of late years, as an examination of the reports will demonstrate; and as the gross receipts for the current period show an advance of some £16,000, or about 8 per cent., the next report is also likely to be a good one. Some while ago this Company abandoned all claims for compensation for damage done by Revolutionaries, with the exception of that done in 1911, in return for the surrender by the Government of a block of Preference shares. The existing claim amounts, we believe, to a little less than £200,000, and, in view of the agreement for a new loan which has just been concluded by the Government, there seems a reasonable chance of the matter being settled. This should help the Company considerably, as £500,000 has to be found by August to redeem the three-year Notes. We have once or twice included this Company's 6 per cent. Prior Lien Debentures in lists of high-yielding investments, and at their present price of 101 we consider them well worth the attention of investors who are prepared to take a reasonable risk in view of the yield.

The meeting of the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association last week was productive of an exceedingly interesting discussion on the question of marine insurance in the case of a war in which this country is involved. Unless adequately insured against war risks there would be few owners inclined to undertake voyages under such circumstances, and a suspension of our overseas trade would spell disaster for the country. Would, or rather could, underwriters accept premiums which owners could afford, and would financial conditions enable them to meet claims? We are inclined to agree that an affirmative answer to both these questions is very doubtful; and, therefore, that some form of State insurance during war-time would be an absolute necessity. The subject is a very difficult one, but it is quite certain that more will be heard of the matter.

The Report of the Prudential Assurance Company for 1913 reveals a further improvement in its business, and the magnitude of the figures given is really astonishing. The total income was £16,567,609, being an increase of £549,670; and the number of policies in force was increased to 20,695,200, the bulk, of course, being in the Industrial section. In view of the total of nearly £87,000,000 invested funds, it is not surprising the depreciation was a serious factor last year, and it was therefore considered necessary to increase the reserve funds by £1,200,000, but the Chairman stated at the meeting that the recovery in values since the date of the balance-sheet has already wiped out the bulk of the depreciation. He also stated that the Company were reaping compensating advantages, in so much as they had been able to invest £7,500,000 to provide an average rate of income of 5 per cent.

The question of the reform of Indian Currency and Finance is, like the poor, always with us. The Report of the Royal Commission which has just concluded its labours on this subject does not, we fear, take us very far towards a solution. With regard to the all-important matter of the establishment of a State Bank, the Commission modestly declines to commit itself, although two members append a scheme which seems practical. The rest of the report consists of one or two suggestions, the most important of which is that the Indian Government should lend its surplus funds to the Presidency Banks. It seems to be another case of the Mountain and the Mouse.

IN A BROKER'S OFFICE.

"Come on in," invited the Broker in his usual cheery style, and as I had had to toil up two flights of stairs owing to the lift's annual clean-up, I subsided gratefully, if not gracefully, into his best arm-chair.

"More golf's what you want; and besides," he remarked with a chuckle, "I always thought you prided yourself on being a City Editor who never 'puffed'!"

(Continued on page 321.)

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A Queen is as Old
as She Looks.

Our most gracious Queen Mary can never disguise her age: the record is in every little pocket-book. She can and she does look younger than her years, and her family all follow her example and look younger too. On a recent occasion I saw her with the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, Prince Henry, and Princess Mary. Her Majesty looked thirty, and her children from seventeen to ten. 'It is their wonderful fair, smooth skins that give them all this youthful look. Queen Alexandra, I believe, used to say, "Everybody knows my age, but that is the best reason for not looking it." Her Majesty never did do so, and never will. Next year Princess Mary will come out; now she looks about fifteen. The dress of a grown-up young lady and her charming hair put up will, of course, make a great difference.



ENGAGED TO LADY BERYL LE POER TRENCH: THE HON. RICHARD STANHOPE.

Mr. Stanhope, the only brother and heir-presumptive of Earl Stanhope, is in the Lincolnshire Yeomanry. His fiancée is the daughter of the Earl of Clancarty.

Photo. by Howard Barrett.

Spring," showing the advance fashions at Harrod's, is an example of what I mean. The cover is good to look at:



A FAMOUS CATERER AT MONTE CARLO: SIR JOSEPH LYONS (ON THE LEFT) AND LADY LYONS.

Sir Joseph Lyons married, in 1883, Miss Psyche Cohen, daughter of the late Mr. Isaac Cohen.

Photograph by Navello.

more graceful and charming, and more any I have seen in a booklet before. Each illustration is named, described, and the price given, so that people who live far away know exactly what to order. Harrod's have put yet another mark higher up the hill of progress with this new and beautiful booklet.

An American Pilgrimage, During this Peace Centenary year, will be to Sulgrave Manor, which is now being converted into a Washington Museum. It is the home of Washington's ancestors, and has been bought by the British-American Peace Centenary Committee; it is now being restored and prepared to receive personal relics of America's hero. It will be some time before the old Manor will be in readiness, but things are being done as expeditiously as possible, in view of the number of Americans who are expected here this season. The church of Great Brington, in

which Earl Spencer's daughter was married last month, has also interest for Americans, since it contains tombs of Washington's ancestors. The Sulgrave Manor Washington Museum is going to cost from £25,000 to £30,000. What Americans do is well done.

Tea and No Tango.

Tea is like Tennyson's brook in the permanency of its progress; it sees many fashions come and go, and many crazes rise and vanish, but it is in favour ever. The Formosa Oolong Tea-Rooms, 36, Piccadilly, become ever and ever more popular. Established by the Government of Formosa for the purpose of making known the celebrated Formosa Oolong teas, they have become quite a smart resort. The tea is approved by all, and it is served daintily in charming surroundings and with every desirable accompaniment. A feature of the establishment is luncheon. The 2s. lunch in the Cherry Room is an example to all restaurateurs: it is excellent, varied, well-cooked, and generous; lunches are also served à la carte. So much is the tea appreciated that most ladies take some home; the price of the pure tea is 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. a pound, but for the blend—and Formosa Oolong is peculiarly adapted for blending—the prices are 2s., 3s., and 4s. per pound.

Home Again.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have apparently had a delightful time on their long yachting cruise. They visited South America and Cuba, and one of their most exciting experiences was shooting crocodiles on the Orinoco. Their Graces are now in residence at Chester House, Belgrave Square, for the season. The house belongs to another good-looking young couple, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Streatfield, who are now on a trip almost round the world. It is not a large house, but their Graces will probably not entertain on a great scale this year; if they do, it will be at Lilleshall or Dunrobin later on.



FROM MONTENEGRO TO MONTE CARLO: THE CROWN PRINCE DANILO AT THE FAMOUS RIVIERA RESORT.

Photograph by Navello.



MISS ROSE HENNIKER HEATON AND MAJOR ADRIAN PORTER, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR THE 10TH.

The bride is a daughter of Sir John Henniker Heaton. Major Porter, one of the King's Foreign Service Messengers, is in the 3rd Battalion Queen's Regiment. He is the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel Porter, of Winslade, Devon.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell.



AN INTERESTING ROYAL GROUP AT MONTE CARLO: PRINCE HOHENLOHE (ON THE LEFT) WITH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF THURN AND TAXIS.

Prince Albert of Thurn and Taxis, who is the eighth ruler of that principality, was born at Ratisbon on May 8, 1867. He was under the guardianship of his mother when he succeeded his brother, the late Prince Maximilian, in 1885, and was declared to have attained his majority in 1888. He married at Budapest, on July 15, 1890, the Archduchess Marguerite, an Imperial Princess of Austria, who was born in 1870. They have seven children—six sons and one daughter.

Photograph by Navello.

Looking for the "Flue." I have wondered several times lately if women are out looking for the "flue" fiend—they seem anxious to do all they can to welcome him. Thin cloth skirts, slit up to show open-work stockings to the knee, I saw on a few pretty girls, while thin patent-leather shoes with suède tops were worn by almost every second woman at the Grand Military at Sandown. They looked smart, but a cynical doctor was heard to murmur, "There'll be lots doing after this!" Also I saw women throw aside long fur coats and emerge in crêpe-de-Chine and satin crêpe coats and skirts. Looking smart like this means smarting later!

Continued from page 322.

"The compliment I accept, and the vileness of the jest I will forget," was the best I could do on the spur of the moment; and then, having somewhat recovered my breath, I came to the chief object of my visit, which was, as usual, News.

"You've come to the wrong shop, I'm afraid, for that," was the reply. "Things are very quiet. The South American position is distinctly difficult and has upset Paris altogether—"

"Even Russian Mines have been off-colour," I suggested.

"People must take profits sometimes," he replied; "but have you noticed a growing feeling of interest in Russian affairs of late? There's this new Trust, the Railway Bonds were over-subscribed in Paris, Russian Mines in favour over here, and so on."

"There's a good deal of sense in it too. The country's wonderfully rich, and that reminds me—I hear very hopeful accounts of the Russian Mining Corporation—"

"You mean over the St. Petersburg Drainage contract," he hazarded.

"That's pretty well fixed up, and they've got other irons in the fire. I got a peep at some particulars of their mining concessions the other day, and some of the figures—"

"Gold?"

"There is a big low-grade gold mine and a high-grade copper proposition which they hope to work," I continued; "but the most valuable asset appears to be an abandoned mine with about 300,000 tons of ore developed and on the dump—"

"It doesn't exactly sound like an El Dorado, does it?"

"The ore is sulphide and rather complex, which explains why the mine was abandoned; but under modern methods it can be treated, and it contains zinc, lead, gold, and silver to the value of over £10 a ton."

"That sounds better, and probably explains the tales of a coming subsidiary; and you mark my words, Municipal and Government guaranteed Bonds in that part of the world will be worth attention for the next year or two."

"Have you heard anything about New York Brewery Unified stock?" I asked.

"No, I can't say I have—what's up?"

"That's just what I can't find out, but I do know that buying orders have been coming over from the other side from people who don't usually—well—"

"Foolze their tee-shots, eh?"

"That's it; and they're buying round about eighteen or nineteen, and talk about getting fifty before the autumn."

"H'm, it sounds rather tall; but there's no doubt the American Breweries are all doing much better," was the Broker's rather non-

committal reply. "But look here, come on down to the House a minute, and then we'll lunch." So we jostled our way through Throgmorton Street, and I was left in the midst of a mob of small boys who were busily discussing the prospects of the Grand National favourite. The haughty janitor cowed them not at all, although he seemed to eye me with considerable suspicion.

The Broker's business didn't take him very long, however, and we were soon installed upon high stools before the luncheon-bar.

"They're playing baseball in the Yankee Market and signing Ulster petitions in the rest of the House," he said, before I had time to repeat my request for News; "but I suppose it's no good worrying."

I passed the philosopher another sandwich, and then, perhaps foolishly, asked him to discourse upon Consols or Irish Land stock. He did, and his words were vastly interesting; but I fear they would be rather out of place in these strictly non-political pages of *The Sketch*.

Saturday, March 7, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

H. B. C.—We can see but little hope for the Company, and think you had better clear out.

OMAN.—(1) Quite a sound purchase. (2) The Company was formed in 1908, reconstructed in 1911, and has never paid a dividend. If you were asked to lend money to a man with a reputation like that what would you say? Leave well alone.

ANXIOUS.—The Oil shares are a very fair speculative holding, and the Company honestly conducted. It hardly seems worth while selling the other shares at the current figure of 3d. We should keep, in hopes of the land turning out valuable.

FAIRPLAY (Swansea).—The traffics have certainly been disappointing lately, but the Company's position is immensely strong; and we think you would be wise to hold the stock. You may possibly see the quotation even lower, but eventually, we think, it will stand higher than at present.

TRENANCE.—On merits we do not think the shares will rise, but whether they will be rigged up we cannot say. In our opinion, it was done before, and it may be done again, but we should be sorry to hold the shares. The other you mention has better prospects.

W. V. H.—Many thanks, but it won't quite do.

PIPE.—A fair Industrial, but the business is one in which competition is very keen.

VERSOM.—Many thanks. As you will see, we have used and have returned the notes. The outlook certainly seems promising. The Canadian mine we do not advise. The flotation methods of the group have not been at all to our liking. You will be able to judge from the prospectus which appears on Tuesday.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

THE sixty-fifth annual general meeting of the Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd., was held last week under the presidency of the Chairman, Mr. Thomas C. Dewey. Moving the adoption of the Report and accounts, Mr. Dewey said that the results of the past year were remarkable as adding still more records to the many already standing to the firm's credit. During 1913 the total income was £16,567,609, an increase of £549,670 on that of the year before, and a growth traceable not to one source, but to all. The total premiums received in the Industrial Branch were £7,874,455, an increase of £81,894; and the comparison, the Chairman remarked, does not indicate the actual growth of the Company's industrial business. "The weekly premiums," he said, "are due on Monday in each week, and, as there were 53 Mondays in 1912, it follows that 53 weekly collections were credited in the accounts as compared with 52 during the past year. If due allowance be made for this, the actual increase is £220,668." To this he added: "Another point to which I would like to draw attention is the increase in the annual premium income in the Industrial Branch, which, of course, differs from the premiums actually received. At the beginning of the year the premium income for the branch was £7,846,057, and at the end it was £8,218,695, an increase of £372,638. This addition to our industrial premium income has never been equalled." He next said that there had been a noteworthy growth in the number of policies issued which are subject to the payment of monthly premiums. At the end of the year there were 593,656 in force, with an annual premium income of £757,673 assuring the sum of £11,605,990. In the Ordinary Branch the premiums received totalled £4,920,518, and so showed an increase of £93,525. The sum assured under new policies issued during the year was £6,849,224, an increase of £1,263,071. The new annual premium income was £425,717, and the number of policies issued 71,359. This as against the preceding year's new annual premium income of £346,592 and policies issued, 59,854. As proof that the absolute security and excellent future prospects of the Prudential are generally recognised by those requiring large assurances as well as those wanting small, he stated that the business in policies for £1000 and upwards had been most marked in 1913, when assurances approximating to £1,000,000 were issued in respect of policies ranging from £500 to £20,000. The number of policies in force, he added, exceeded 20,500,000, assuring a total sum of £362,155,251—917,091 of these policies are in the Ordinary Branch; 19,778,135, in the Industrial. The total claims paid in the year, including bonus additions, amounted to £6,905,818—£3,766,625 in the Ordinary and £3,139,193

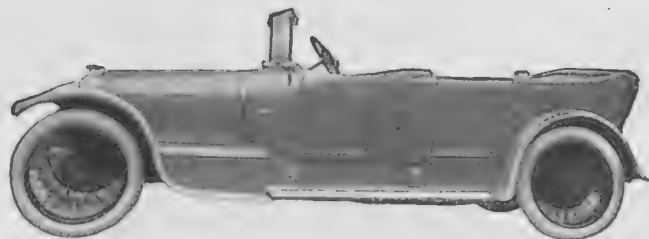
in the Industrial Branch. The mortality experienced was exceptionally light; and showed how carefully lives were selected.

Turning to the valuation Report, Mr. Dewey noted that for many years past the Company had made a strictly net premium valuation and had now further strengthened the basis. "With regard to the supplementary sickness policies," he said, "the reserves held are about 50 per cent. in excess of those required under a very strict valuation basis. Our sickness experience under these policies has been favourable, and we hope that it will continue so; but we have decided that the wisest course is to hold over the ascertained profits of the past year in order to provide for any possible adverse experience in the future." "In the Ordinary Branch," he went on, "the surplus has increased from £1,901,315 to £2,070,984, and the bonus has been maintained at the rate of £1 16s. per cent. on the original sums assured. The total funds in the combined branches now stand at £86,993,003, an increase for the year of £2,421,071."

Proceeding to what he described—with half a century's experience—as "the enormous depreciation in the values of investment securities which took place in 1913," Mr. Dewey said that to meet this the Company had increased its reserve fund in the Ordinary Branch by £700,000, making a total of £1,550,000; and in the Industrial Branch by £550,000, making a total of £1,200,000. A distinct recovery in investment prices has now occurred: "the increase in values since Dec. 31 is well over £1,000,000 sterling, and has already wiped out in many classes of securities the whole of the depreciation that took place in 1913." As to the reserve funds, it was decided to write down the securities in the Ordinary Branch by £1,050,000 and those in the Industrial by £700,000—leaving the total reserve at £1,000,000.

"In view," Mr. Dewey went on, "of the period of continual depreciation in high-class investment securities, culminating in the enormous depreciation during 1913, naturally the bonus to the shareholders, the policy-holders, and the out-door staff will not be increased, but the fact that in spite of this stress and strain we have been able to maintain it is a splendid testimony not only to the great profit-earning power of the Company, the result of skilful and economical management, but also to the foresight displayed in the investment of our funds." He then spoke optimistically of the possibility of a larger bonus in the Ordinary Branch in the future, and said that the bonus to the policy-holders in the Industrial Branch continued to give great satisfaction. "During the past year," he said "many industrial claims were paid where the sum assured was increased by a bonus of 60 per cent., hundreds were paid with an addition of 50 per cent., and hundreds of thousands were paid in which the bonus was 40 per cent., 30 per cent., 25 per cent., and so on." The Report was adopted unanimously.

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AFTER 27,000 MILES!

A telling extract from an Owner's Letter.

30 H.P. 6-CYL.
CHASSIS, £695
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Works: Tinsley, Sheffield.

"It has now done just over 27,000 miles, and nothing wrong; in fact, the car is pulling as well as ever. As each 1000 miles is done I keep thinking that another 1000 will begin to show up wear, but, honestly, there is nothing I can find except the stub axle bushes on the front wheels. Certainly, I have renewed the front-wheel bearings, but that is all. Nothing has been done to the engine; even the cylinders have never been lifted. There is no sign of loose bushes and no knocks from engine anywhere. I must say I consider the car a marvel. Gear box and differential seem perfect, and teeth look as new and are quite quiet. I have been in London a few times recently with the car, and she does all traffic on top, as the clutch is as sweet as ever—no jumps or jerks of any kind."

(Original shown on request.)



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"Lincoln,"
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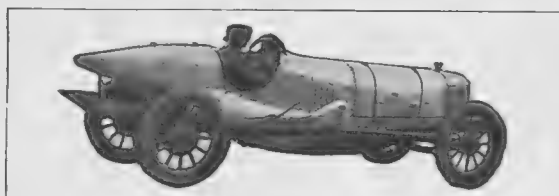
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HOW TO KILL AND DISSOLVE OUT ROOTS AND ALL.

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By following simple directions given below, any woman now has the means of easily preparing and using in her own home this wonderful process, which has hitherto been a carefully guarded secret known only to a few high-priced specialists. Full directions are now made public for the first time.

All who are afflicted with superfluous hair will be interested to learn of the amazing discovery made by Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, who until recently was deeply humiliated by these repulsive growths upon her face, neck, and arms. As the hair constantly became more thick and hideous she tried every process and remedy advertised or

recommended, but found to her sorrow that if any of these removed hair at all, the effects were only temporary, and new growths soon appeared stronger than ever. Even hours of torture under the cruel electric needle simply meant great pain, a sore and blemished skin, and the inevitable disappointment. After spending huge sums in efforts to be rid of her terrible and beauty-destroying affliction, Miss Firmin was about to give up in despair, when by chance she learned of a means by which the beauties of Ancient Rome are said to have permanently banished superfluous hair. With only a very slight clue as to the nature of this remarkable process used in bygone ages, Miss Firmin tells how she set to work experimenting in her tireless effort to wrest the lost secret from the past. From the accounts of Miss Firmin's discovery, which have recently aroused so much interest among women with superfluous hair, there seems to be no doubt that at last there has been found a way, most radically different from anything hitherto known, by which any woman can now rid herself permanently, harmlessly and painlessly of all superfluous hair growths by dissolving them out of existence, root and all. One part of the process consists of a

solution easily obtained and prepared by anyone which possesses the remarkable quality of being readily absorbed by the hair, so that it creeps down to the root, dissolving as it goes, just as oil creeps up a lamp wick. It is, perhaps, needless to caution any who may use this process, which has so deadly an effect upon the hair,

that it must never by any chance be permitted to touch hair which is not to be destroyed. In explaining the process Miss Firmin mentions that it is perfectly neutral and ineffective to the skin, as anyone can quickly prove by experiment, but she disclaims all responsibility for permanent loss of desirable hair, such as eyebrows, hair of the head, etc., to which the process is applied. Even though the accidental application be insufficient to dissolve the hair at once, it will eventually die and fall out, and there exists no known means for restoring life to hair roots thus affected.

For the benefit of any readers who may be interested and who wish to be rid of

their superfluous hair by this remarkable process, we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all necessary particulars regarding its preparation and use to any reader sufficiently interested to send her two penny stamps for return postage. Simply address Miss Kathryn B. Firmin (Suite 127 C), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and full information will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope. On account of the great demands upon Miss Firmin's time, she has stipulated that this offer must be announced to positively expire at the end of ten days.



After she had endured for ten years the humiliation of having a beard and moustache like a man, and after electrolysis, pastes, "lotions," and all other methods had failed absolutely, Miss Firmin killed all her superfluous hair in a single night by the harmless new absorption process fully explained in this article.

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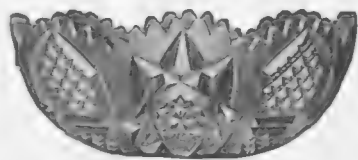
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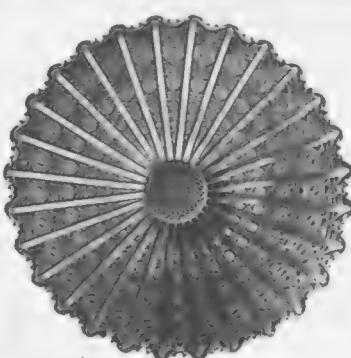
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Salad, Fruit, or Rose Bowl, Diameter 8 in.,
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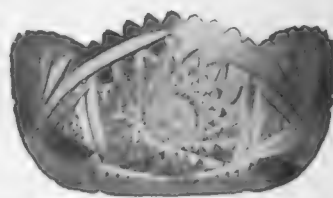
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Height 10 in.,
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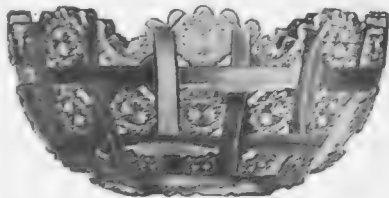
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Servers extra.



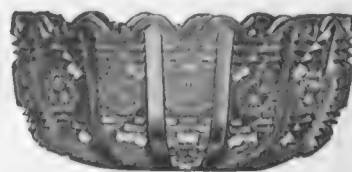
Flower Vase,
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Fruit Stand, Diameter 6 in., £1 15s.



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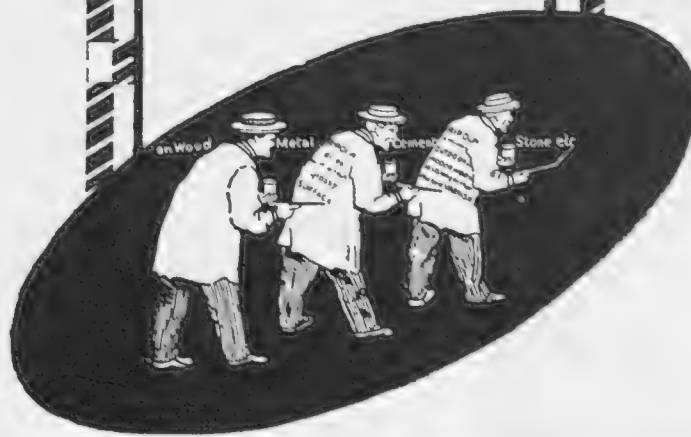
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Including following Lots:—	£ s. d.
2 Fine Old English Gent's Ward- robes, fitted Drawers and Trays at	5 15 0
3 Fine Old Spanish Mahogany ditto, Sliding Trays, and Four Drawers under	7 15 0
An Antique Chippendale Design Gent's Wardrobe	12 15 0
Important—Very finely Inlaid Old Dutch Marquetry Gent's Wardrobe, 6 feet wide	35 0 0
4 Large Solid Oak Chests of Drawers	2 5 0
3 Inlaid Sheraton Design Draw- ing Chests	4 10 0
4 Single Oak Bedsteads complete at	0 17 6
4 Solid Dark Walnut Bedroom Suites to match	5 17 6
4 Double Bedsteads to match, com- plete	1 19 6
3 Pretty French Design White-Enamelled Bedroom Suites	5 15 0
3 Double White Enamelled Bedsteads to match	1 7 6
3 Large White Enamelled Bedroom Suites	8 15 0
3 Double White Enamelled Bedsteads to match, complete	1 12 6
1 Very Elegant White Enamelled ditto, with 6 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe	18 18 0
3 Handsome Mahogany Bedroom Suites	7 15 0
3 Simple Sheraton Design Bedsteads, complete to match	1 17 6
2 Large Choice Sheraton Design Maho- gany Inlaid Bedroom Suites at	10 10 0
2 Canoe Double Sheraton Bedsteads to match	2 15 0
Elegant Queen Anne Design Bedroom Suite	12 10 0
Costly 1-piece Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. Wardrobe	22 10 0
Pair elegant Design Twin Bedsteads to match	4 10 0
Very Choice Unique Real Silver Ash Bedroom Suite, with Silver-plated Fittings	19 19 0

DINING AND RECEPTION ROOMS. LIBRARIES STUDIES, SMOKING AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Fine set of Georgian Design Oak Chairs, with Rush Seats, perfect preservation, 8 in all	7 15 0
Heavy Buck and Copper Club Fender, Upholstered Morocco Seat top	3 3 0
Jacobean Design Carved Oak Cupboard, 2 ft. wide	8 15 0
Jacobean Design Carved Oak Settee, 3 ft. 6 in. wide	3 3 0
Magnificent Carved Welsh Dresser, 5 ft. wide	9 9 0
Elegant Grandfather Clock, chim- ing on long tubes	18 18 0
FINE COLLECTION OF OLD DUTCH MARQUETTERIE IN- LAID FURNITURE, in perfect preservation, including Cabinets, Writing Bureaux, Centre and Side Tables, Small and Arm Chairs, etc., etc. Would suit Connoisseur.	
The Very Fine Baby Grand Piano- forte, A Magnificent Instrument	25 0 0
The Costly Bronze and Marble Clock, and 2 Side Pieces, with Rich Ormolu Mounts	7 7 0
Valuable Set of Table Crystal Glass, about 100 Pieces	4 15 0
Oval Extending Queen Anne Design Dining Table, with Extra Leaf	4 10 0
Splendid Queen Anne Design Set of 2 Carving Chairs and 8 Small Chairs, all with Upholstered Panelled Seat and Shaped Legs, very fine finish	7 15 0
5 ft. wide Queen Anne Design Side- board	6 17 6
3 ft. wide Bookcase and Bureau Writing Desk combined, very choice	7 15 0
The Massive Solid Fumigating Oak Sideboard, fitted Handsome Glass Back	3 15 0
Overmantel, fitted Bevelled Plate, Solid Oak	1 10 0
The Very Fine Hepplewhite Design Mahogany Sideboard	10 10 0

2 Very Fine Carving Chairs, with Seats Upholstered in Embossed Real Leather, and 6 Smaller Chairs to match	12 12 0
DINING TABLE, extending with extra leaf, Shaped Legs, to match	3 15 0
The Very Fine Bookcase, fitted large Cupboard at bottom, to match	6 8 0
4 ft. wide Leather Lined Pedestal Writing Table, fitted Drawers down each side en suite	6 15 0
The Very Fine Large Chesterfield Settee	5 5 0
Set of Sheraton Design Dining-Room Furniture, consisting of Choice Design Buffet Sideboard	5 15 0
Overmantel to match	1 17 6
2 Fine Carving Chairs and 6 Small, choicely upholstered in Morocco leather	12 15 0
Choice Sheraton Extending Dining Table	5 5 0
Very Fine Armour Bright Fender Suite with Implements all complete Exceptionally Fine 6 ft. wide Sheraton Design Sideboard	2 10 0
Choice Overmantel, to match back of Sideboard	8 15 0
Set of Dining Tables, en suite, extend- ing to about 10 ft. long	12 12 0
Set of Very Magnificent Dining Chairs, comprising 6 small and 2 majestic Arm Chairs, Sheraton Design Frames, Inlaid with Kingwood	28 10 0

DRAWING-ROOMS.

Costly Chesterfield Suite, comprising magnificent Chesterfield Settee, 2 Large Easy Chairs and 4 Occasional ditto. Covered rich French Brocade Silk	25 0 0
Upright Grand Piano, Overstrung, A magnificent instrument, nearly new. Listed at 110 Gns.	27 0 0
6 ft. 6 in. wide Ambrosia Cabinet, Inlaid with Ivory and Reddy Mounts	18 18 0
Fine Ambrosia Wood Centre Table to match	2 17 6
Louis XIV. design Ladies' Writing Escritoire, Leather top	1 15 0
Louis XIV. design Occasional Table	1 5 0
A Very Choice Louis XIV. Arm Brass Fender Suite	8 10 0
Carved and Gilt 7-piece Louis XVI. Salon Set, comprising Settee, 2 Easy Chairs and 4 Small Chairs	9 9 0
Three Carved and Gilt Bergère Chairs, loose down Seats and Footstools	12 10 0
Pair of Valuable Old Carved and Gilt Torchères	5 5 0
Carved and Gilt Centre Table, Italian Marble Top	4 15 0
6 Louis XIV. Gilt Cane Seat Occa- sional Chairs	0 18 6
Costly Carved and Gilt Graduated Folding Screen, fitted Bevelled Glass and Silk Panels	12 12 0
3 Very Fine Chesterfield Settees 6 ft. 6 in. long	4 15 0
2 smaller ditto	2 17 6
6 Large, Softly Sprung Chesterfield Easy Chairs	2 15 0
4 ditto smaller	1 17 6
Fine Complete Collection of Satin Wood Drawing-Room Furniture, very beautifully Painted Medallions, comprising Cabinets, Tables, Escri- toire, etc. Impossible to describe, would suit Connoisseur.	
Boudoir Baby Grand Piano, a mag- nificent Instrument, as New. Listed Price 125 Gns.	57 15 0
Costly Set of Fine Old English Cut Table Glass, over 100 pieces	7 10 0
A Magnificent Verner Martin Cab- inet of a design rarely seen. Dealers should inspect	25 0 0
A Costly Serpentine Front Commode, Marble Top	12 0 0
French Ormolu and real Onyx Clock Set	7 7 0
Quantity of Very Fine Carpets and Rugs, including Real Persian, Turkey, Malabar, Calcutta, Aubusson, Fine Axminster and others. Fine Collection of Old Prints and Paintings. Old Sheffield and Plated Goods. Cutlery, Glass, Bed and Table Linen, Draperies, etc., etc.	

SEND FOR COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (S),
 Now Ready. Free on Application.

THE FURNITURE AND FINE-ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.,

48 to 50, PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON, N. (Phone 3472 North.)
 (Few minutes from Highbury Station, North London Railway, and Great Northern and City Tube.)

Business Hours: Open every day, including Thursdays, 9 till 9, excepting Saturdays,
 when we close at 1.

The whole of these Goods are now on view, and any item can be seen and selected daily till sold.

Grand Prix,
 Diploma of Honour and

By Royal Appointment

Grand Prix
 and Gold Medals.



Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1902.

to H.M. the King of Spain.

International Exhibition, Rome, 1912.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Special attention is drawn to the fact that we have NO
 BRANCH DEPOSITORIES WHATSOEVER, neither is anyone entitled to represent
 themselves as being connected with us in any way.



WINTER was a terrible time for
 the skin. Everything seemed to
 conspire to rob the cheek of its
 bloom, the neck of its pearly whiteness
 and subtle softness. Biting winds dried
 up the skin, dust choked the pores,
 the heavy round of social engagements
 lowered the vitality, even the wearing of

furs added to the mischief by discolour-
 ing the skin of the neck.

Only by exercising the greatest care
 and taking advantage of specialised
 treatment can a woman hope to correct
 the vitiating effect upon the skin of
 winter weather, winter wear, and
 winter social strain. The

POMEROY FACE TREATMENT

is the outcome of a lifetime's progressive experience in the treatment of
 the skin, and it has no equal for effectiveness. It is astonishingly beneficial.
 The skin responds immediately to the gentle massage and the liberal appli-
 cation of the noted Pomeroy Toilet Preparations. The result is always the
 same—a clear skin, a skin sparkling with life and animation. Even the
 more serious troubles, such as Navi, Moles, Warts, and Superfluous Hair
 are treated by Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., with absolute certainty of success. So
 whatever the trouble may be ask for advice. It will be cheerfully given.
 Probably your scalp needs treatment, or your hands. If so, mention the matter
 when writing. Do not delay taking the Face Treatment. It is a way to beauty
 used by hundreds of Society Ladies and others who like to look their best and
 who recognise in the Pomeroy Treatment the only sure means of doing so.

Consultation and Advice Free. Call on or write to

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 (top of Bold St.)

Birmingham:
 75,
 New Street

Manchester:
 10, St. Ann's
 Square.

Glasgow:
 281, Sauchie-
 hall Street.

Dublin:
 67, Grafton
 Street.

Special Agencies—Aberdeen, Bournemouth, Sheffield, Cork.

1914

The Society's 100th Year

Accumulated Funds
£21,500,000.

Claims Paid
£41,500,000.

THOSE contemplating Life Assurance are invited to apply
 for the "100th Year" Prospectus of the Scottish Widows
 Fund, which contains full information regarding Actual
 Results to Policyholders and the Outstanding Advantages of
 Membership. The whole profits belong to Policyholders.
 For the long period of 80 years the Bonus declared at each
 Division of Profits has averaged 34s. per cent. per annum
 on the Sum Assured and Bonuses.

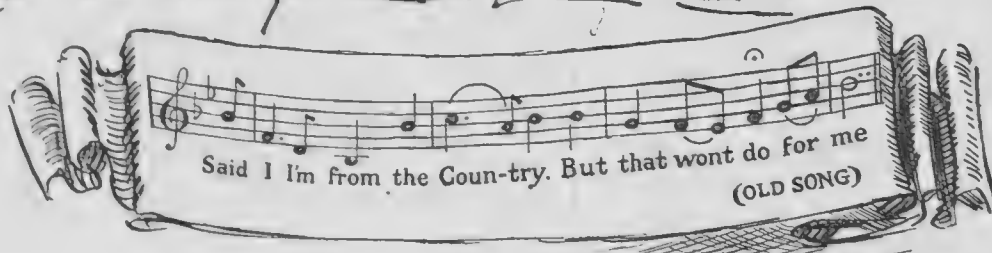
SCOTTISH WIDOWS FUND

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

Head Office: London:
 9, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh. 28, Cornhill, E.C., and 5, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Born 1820

—Still going strong.



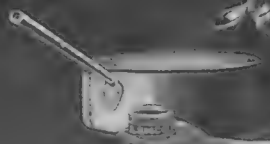
For the man who "knows," nothing else but "Johnnie Walker" is quite good enough. You never hear "the man who knows" ordering "whisky." He always says "Johnnie Walker" because it is just as easy and much safer—and it makes no difference where—for it is obtainable everywhere and everywhere guaranteed the same superior quality.

"White Label" is 6 years old. "Red Label" is 10 years old. "Black Label" is 12 years old.

To safeguard these ages, our policy for the future is our policy of the past. First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks over sales is always large enough to maintain our unique quality.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.

"My Secret"

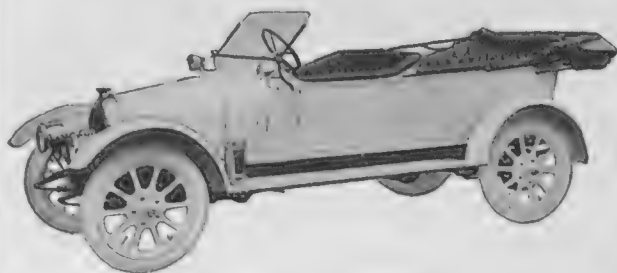


Add a little Lemco, that is the secret of good cooks the world over—the secret of their delicious soups and gravies,—the secret of their rich entrées and savouries,—the secret of their dainty aspics and strengthening invalid jellies,—the secret of the freshness and variety of their menus,—the secret of the ease and quickness, and the surprising economy with which they prepare each appetising dish

Lemco is all concentrated beef guaranteed absolutely pure.



LEMCO - Thames House - London E.C.



10 h.p., £270, complete.

EVERY Humber 'cheap car' is built of laboratory-tested material, and fitted with standard 'big-car-finish' body. Did you know it?

HUMBER, Ltd., COVENTRY.
LONDON: Holborn Circus, and
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SOUTHAMPTON: 27, London Rd.

Humber

K 398



**"Personally I use
the ONOTO Fountain Pen
always!"**

"It really is 'self-filling.' And it actually is 'safe.' By 'safe,' of course is meant that it does not leak—in the pocket, on the desk or table—anywhere."

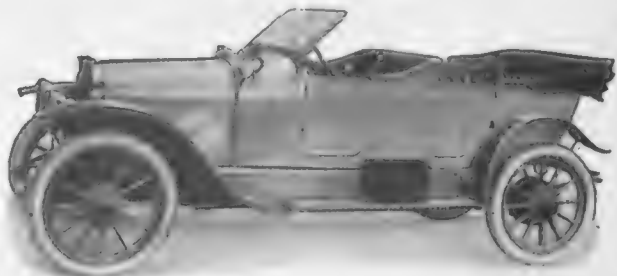
To fill an Onoto one simply unscrews and withdraws the "head," dips the nib into the ink, presses back the "head," and the Onoto is filled. No need of

a filler. And no fear of leakage after the Onoto is filled. A simple turn of the "head" renders the Onoto a sealed tube. Even if carried upside down in the pocket, an Onoto will never leak a drop. The makers guarantee it to last a lifetime. If it ever goes wrong they immediately put it right free of charge.

Price 10/6 and upwards, of all Stationers, Jewellers, and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to the makers at 104, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Gregoire

The Car of the Year.



A Popular Car

12 h.p. Smart 4-seater Torpedo, all complete, Hood, Screen, 5 Detachable Wheels, 5 Tyres (including 1 N.S.) Lucas Dynamo Lighting Set, Horn, Tools, etc.

£350

To buy a Gregoire is to make an investment—not to incur an expense.

Chassis Prices	12 h.p. Special long chassis, detachable wheels	£295
of other	16-24 h.p. Four-cylinder, 4 speeds, Detachable wheels	£315
Gregoire Models.	20 h.p. Special Sporting model	£335


Send for full specifications, and arrange inspection and trials with sole concessionnaires.

British Gregoire Agency, Ltd.,
2, Halkin Place, Belgrave Square, London, S.W.



TRY IT IN YOUR BATH!

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

THE  TO
CLEANLINESS

FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD USE
BRIGHTENS ALL IT TOUCHES

AVOID INJURIOUS SUBSTITUTES

INVALUABLE FOR TOILET PURPOSES. SPLENDID CLEANSER FOR THE HAIR.
REMOVES STAINS AND GREASE SPOTS FROM CLOTHING.
REFRESHING AS A TURKISH BATH. RESTORES THE COLOUR TO CARPETS.
CLEANS PLATE, JEWELLERY, SPONGES, ETC., ETC.
ALLAYS THE IRRITATION CAUSED BY MOSQUITO BITES.

USED IN EVERY CLIME.



Never take Risks
with your Drinks

Make sure of getting the finest,
most wholesome, and most
inspiring of all beverages—

Old Bushmills Whisky

From all wine merchants. Address
of nearest agent sent on application.
"Old Bushmills" Distillery Co.,
Ltd., 20, Mark Lane, E.C.

John Pound & Co.

ACTUAL MAKERS
OF
Travelling Requisites.



Write
for
Catalogue.

Lady's "Week End" or empty Dressing Case made of brown ROLLED HIDE, lined
Moirette, with spacious pockets to carry OWN Toilet Fittings. LIGHT WEIGHT.

16 x 12½ x 6	18 x 13 x 6	20 x 13½ x 6	22 x 14 x 6
30/-	34/-	38/-	42/-

We have the FINEST collection of FANCY LEATHER
AND SILVER goods in London to select from.

268-270, OXFORD STREET, W.
211, Regent Street, W.
177-178, Tottenham Court Road, W.
67, Piccadilly, W.
243, Brompton Road, S.W.
81-84, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

after the Theatre or Ball.

A glass of Horlick's taken
hot after the late journey
home refreshes and soothes.

READY IN A MOMENT BY STIRRING BRISKLY
IN HOT WATER

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK
the best night-cap — brings restful sleep.

Served at the Bars of many Theatres and Halls,
and at Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs and Railway Buffets.

Also available as a delicious food confection to be dissolved in the
mouth. Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets are supplied in glass pocket
flasks @ 1/- each.

Of all Chemists and Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/-.
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., Slough, Bucks.

CONNAUGHT

The Motor Body Luxurious

THE superior workmanship of the Connaught Motor Body is accompanied by many exclusive features which other Bodies cannot claim.

One of these special features is the reduction of the "overhang" of the head as shown in this illustration.

The long "overhang" as usually seen on cars is most unsightly besides being a strain on the hinges. But on Connaught Bodies this overhang is greatly reduced by a special contracting device—giving greater strength and efficiency with a graceful and symmetrical appearance.

Yet with all these exclusive features—with all its superiority in workmanship and design, the Connaught Body costs 25% less than other bodies.

Come and see Connaught Bodywork at 28-29 Long Acre, London, W., or send for our beautiful little book "Luxury with Economy" which is posted free.

The Connaught Motor & Carriage Co., Ltd.



A POISONED HAND

Resulted from a Pin Scratch.



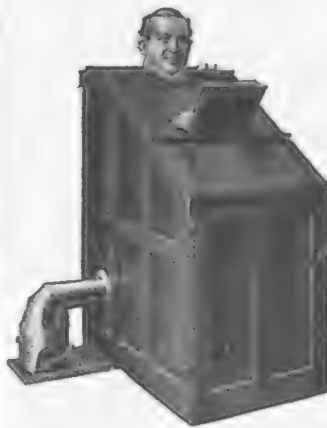
Miss LOUISA HOWELL scratched her left hand with a pin. The sore place got inflamed and blood-poison was set up.

"The poison spread until my hand and wrist were badly swollen and discoloured," writes Miss Howell from 143, Dalry Road, Edinburgh. "The doctor said it was one of the worst cases of blood-poison he had ever seen. As he could do nothing more for me I went to an Edinburgh Hospital.

"Still the poison remained, and I was told my hand would have to come off. Zam-Buk, however, saved my poisoned hand. This herbal balm proved really wonderful! The inflammation, pain and swelling went away, and all the bad humour was drawn from my hand. Perseverance with this splendid Zam-Buk healed the sore place with new skin."

Zam-Buk

FOOT'S PATENT FOLDING BATH CABINET



All the delights and benefits of hot-air, vapour, medicated, and perfumed baths can now be enjoyed privately at home with assured safety and comfort. Physicians recommend it for the prevention and cure of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Skin Diseases, &c.

AN IDEAL HEALTH-GIVING LUXURY.

It forces the impurities and poisonous matters through the pores of the skin, increases the circulation of the blood, and vitalises the whole body. Nothing else accomplishes such perfect cleanliness, or so quickly quiets the nervous and rests the tired. It can be used in any room, and folds into a small compact space. No assistant is required.

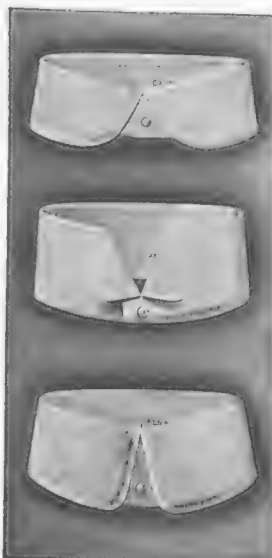
Dr. Gordon Stables says:—"FOOT'S is the BEST THERMAL CABINET"

Prices from 35/-

"Bath Book," B 13, Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON, LTD.,

(Dept. B 13), 171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.



ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S "CASTLE" Collars have sound wearing properties. Faced with Linen woven in our Banbridge factory every detail is studied during their manufacture in our own workrooms to render them distinguished in appearance and reliable in wear.



CASTLE

Collars

Three popular shapes are illustrated:

1. Castle Box, 1½ or 2 in. deep.
2. The B 25, 2, 2½, or 2¾ in. deep, the standard collar for evening wear.
3. The Albany, 1½, 1¾, 1½, 2, 2½, and 2¾ in. deep.

Although the cost of production has risen through the price advance of materials, we are still selling at the same price as before. Per doz.: 5/11

Postage, 3d. extra.

Sample Collar and List for Sixpence (Post Free.)

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

40.G, Donegall Place, Ltd.,
London BELFAST Liverpool

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

Chief Office—HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Invested Funds exceed £86,000,000.

Summary of the Report presented at the Sixty-Fifth Annual Meeting, held on March 5, 1914.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of policies issued during the year was 71,359, assuring the sum of £6,849,224 and producing a new annual premium income of £425,717. The premiums received during the year were £4,920,518, being an increase of £93,525 over the year 1912. In addition, £11,116 was received in premiums under the Sickness Insurance Tables. The claims of the year amounted to £3,766,625. The number of deaths was 8699. The number of endowment assurances matured was 23,497, the premium income of which was £131,017. The number of policies in force at the end of the year was 917,091.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The premiums received during the year were £7,874,456, being an increase of £81,894. The increase shown would have been much greater but for the fact that, owing to our system of accounts, fifty-three weekly collections were credited in the report for the year 1912. The claims of the year amounted to £3,139,193, including £359,572 bonus additions. The number of claims and surrenders, including 5942 endowment assurances matured, was 366,104. The number of free policies granted during the year to those policy-holders of five years' standing and upwards, who desired to discontinue their payments, was 126,768, the number in force being 1,890,406. The number of free policies which became claims during the year was 45,546.

The total number of policies in force in this branch at the end of the year was 19,778,135; their average duration exceeds twelve and three-quarter years.

The assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the balance-sheet, after deducting £1,750,000 written off securities, are £86,993,003, being an increase of £2,421,071 over those of 1912.

The six Prudential Approved Societies formed under the National Insurance Act 1911 have done important work during the year, and the membership continues to increase. Payment of sickness and maternity benefits commenced on the 13th January, 1913, and during the year a sum of £1,401,360 was distributed to members by the Company's Agents. It may be noted that in a Government Inter-Departmental Report recently presented to Parliament particular attention is drawn to the advantage of payment in cash by a representative of the Society. The Report continues:—"The fact that a personal visit accompanies the payment imposes some restraint on any temptation to claim benefit improperly. The risk of the benefit falling into wrong hands is reduced to a minimum."

In the Ordinary Branch a reversionary bonus at the rate of £1 16s. per cent. on the original sums assured has again been added to all classes of participating policies issued since the year 1876.

In the Industrial Branch a bonus addition will be made to the sums assured on all policies of over five years' duration which become claims either by death or maturity of endowment from the 6th of March, 1914, to the 4th of March, 1915, both dates inclusive, as follows—

PREMIUMS PAID FOR.		BONUS ADDITION TO SUMS ASSURED		PREMIUMS PAID FOR.		BONUS ADDITION TO SUMS ASSURED	
5 years and less than 10 years	...	£5 per cent.		35 years and less than 40 years	...	£35 per cent.	
10 " " " 15 "	...	£10 " "		40 " " " 45 "	...	£40 " "	
15 " " " 20 "	...	£15 " "		45 " " " 50 "	...	£45 " "	
20 " " " 25 "	...	£20 " "		50 " " " 55 "	...	£50 " "	
25 " " " 30 "	...	£25 " "		55 " " " 60 "	...	£55 " "	
30 " " " 35 "	...	£30 " "		60 " " " and upwards	...	£60 " "	

The rate of bonus declared for last year has thus been maintained, and an increased bonus of £5 per cent. will be distributed in the case of policies on which premiums have been paid for 35 and less than 40 years, 45 and less than 50 years, and 55 and less than 60 years.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co. have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance sheets.

THOS. C. DEWEY, Chairman.

W. J. LANCASTER, J. IRVINE BOSWELL, Directors.

D. W. STABLE, J. SMART, Joint Secretaries.

A. C. THOMPSON, General Manager. J. BURN, Actuary.

The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon application.



Shoes for the Spring.

IN beauty of design, our Promenade Shoes for this season surpass all our previous achievements. They have been designed, not by copyists, but by men of originality, who, though possessed of great technical skill, have not surrendered to mere technique their creative ideas. In a word, our designers are artists.

E.S. 1225.
28/-



E.S. 1123.
21/-

E.S. 1225. Promenade Shoe in Black Glace Kid or Patent Leather; Louis XV. heel and hand-made.

The pair 28/-

E.S. 1123. Pump Shoe in Black Glace with Pleated bow and Steel Slide. Cuban heel. Handsewn.

The pair 21/-



The LONDON SHOE CO. Ltd

116 117 NEW BOND STREET W

21 22 SLOANE STREET SW

123 125 QUEEN VICTORIA ST EC

Four

The Whisky of Colonial Preference

Crown

Sole Proprietors: **ROBERT BROWN Limited,** Distillers by Royal Warrant.
GLASGOW and 14, Jewry Street, LONDON, E.C.

CALOX

The Oxygen Tooth Powder

The CALOX Reward

In teeth of pearly whiteness, in pink and healthy gums, in a breath as sweet as lilies, in a smile that does one good to see, the user of Calox, the Oxygen Tooth Powder, reaps the Calox reward.

The Oxygen which Calox liberates in use purifies and invigorates the entire mouth, and maintains that perfect condition of mouth-health so properly prized wherever refinement exists. Calox may be tested thoroughly at our expense!

Sold ordinarily at 1/1½, by all Chemists, &c., but a Sample Box free on request.

The Calox Tooth Brush reaches every part of every tooth, 1/-

G. B. KENT & SONS, Ltd., 75, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for Disorders of the

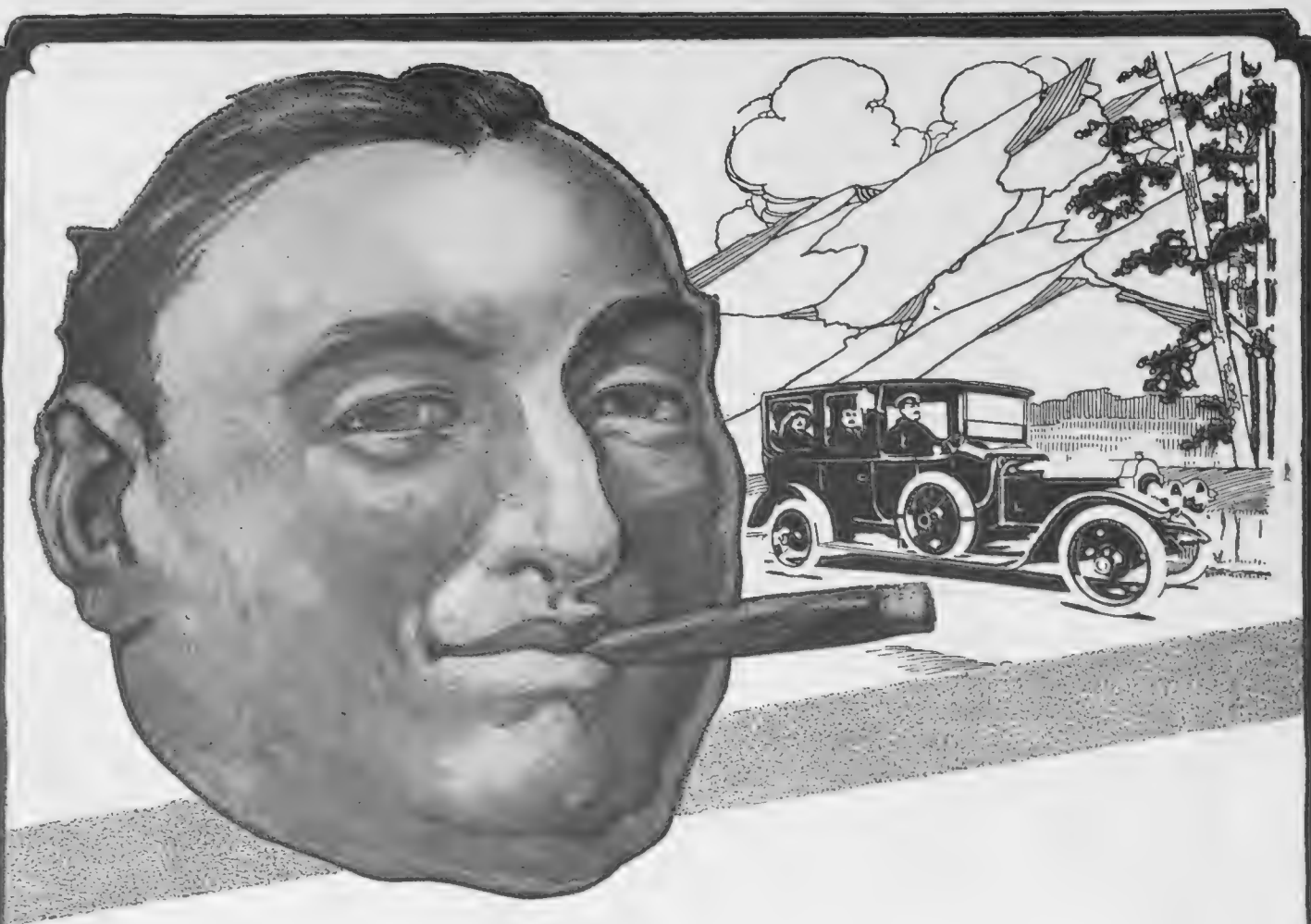
LIVER

Gout, Gravel, Diabetes, Rheumatism and all Ailments arising from Uric Acid

CAUTION: See that each bottle has a neck label with "VICHY-ÉTAT" and the name of the Sole Agents, INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD., LONDON, LIVERPOOL AND BRISTOL.

At all Hotels, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The Natural Mineral Water.



The Surest Way to Success is to Give Satisfaction

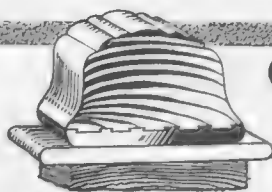
Our business is built up on this principle,
with the result that thoughtful, discrimin-
ating Motorists insist on and exclusively use

Continental Oversizes

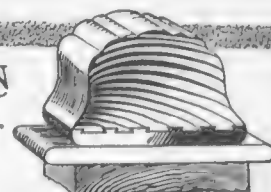
It's the fine Quality of the Rubber used,
the tough, closely woven, well impregnated
Egyptian cotton fabric, the careful piece-by-
piece building up of the parts into homogeneity
and the scientific vulcanising that gives
to Continentals Resilience and Consistent

**HIGHEST AVERAGE
MILEAGE**

THE CONTINENTAL TYRE AND RUBBER CO. (Great Britain) LTD.,
THURLOE PLACE, LONDON, S.W.



CONTINENTAL 'T' PATTERN
Solid Band Tyres
for Commercial Vehicles



Insist upon and secure


FREEZOMINT



The original French
CRÈME DE MENTHE CUSENIER

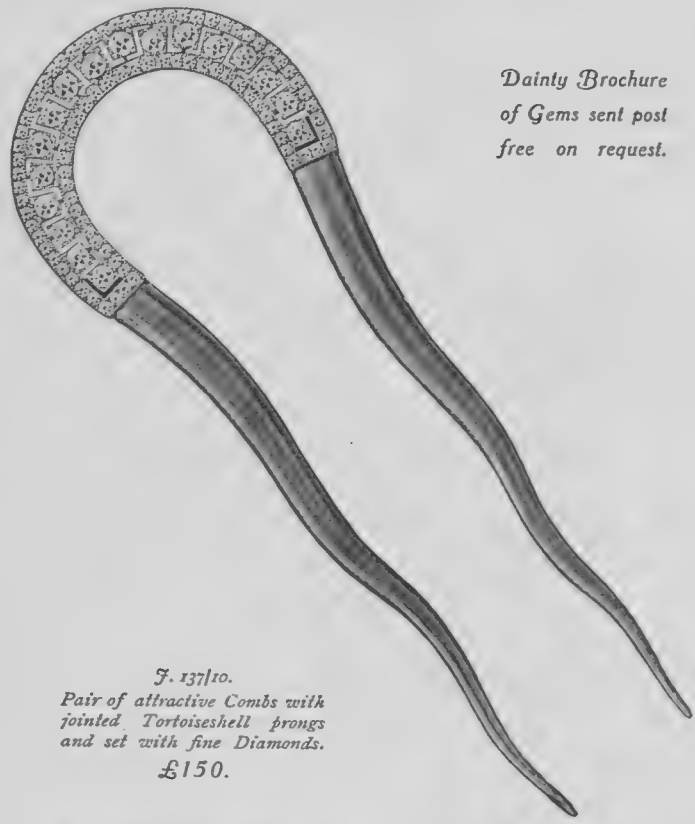
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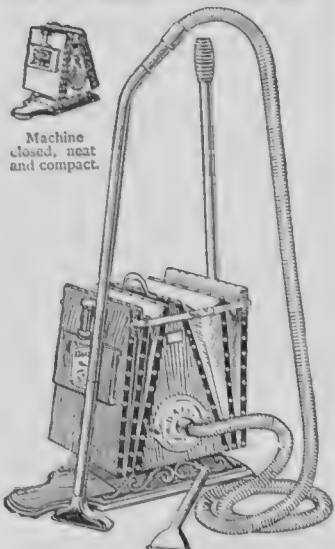
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

IT appears doubtful whether Messrs. Vedrenne and Dennis Eadie have found a winner in "Peggy and Her Husband." They have had the courage to give a new author a chance, and Mr. Joseph Keating no doubt has done his best, but he fails to show skill enough to render his trifling story a satisfactory entertainment. Peggy sees her three-months' husband being kissed and called "a darling" by her best friend, so the young wife bolts without giving him any opportunity for an explanation. The second act passes six months later, and consists almost entirely of a scene of explanations and attempted reconciliation. The third act shows the explanations and reconciliation and, fundamentally, there is really nothing more in the comedy. Either great brilliance of style is necessary in the treatment of such a work, or else character-drawing true enough to give us deep interest in the persons of the play. Unfortunately, there is neither the one nor the other, nor even in the cast an actress of the calibre of Miss Marie Tempest, the skill of whose acting might have carried off the part of Peggy. This, of course, is without prejudice to Miss Gladys Cooper, who played very well in the name-part, and was charmingly pathetic. After all, at present she must be ranked as a delightful ingénue and not a full-blown comédienne. Moreover, Mr. Dennis Eadie, despite his cleverness, did not quite seem to be the husband, some of whose flippancies jar horribly. The part of Peggy's young sister was quite cleverly played by Miss Violet Eardley. Mr. Thomas Weguelin was amusing as a comic stockbroker.

No doubt it is time that protests should be made by the stage against its occasional employment for the glorification of the immoral. In "Damaged Goods" we had a powerful protest. The Pioneer Players, by their production, "The Daughters of Ishmael," make another protest and, of course, in each case the Censor had intervened and forbidden. The weak point about the production of "The Daughters of Ishmael" is that after the second of its six episodes, it handles a terrible subject not really relevant so far as England is concerned. For the main point of the play, founded on Mr. Kauffman's novel, is its attack upon the police and magistrates and local politicians because of the assistance rendered by them to one form of a highly organised traffic in vice which, bad as we are, does not exist substantially in such a form in London. As a work of art, the piece is of no great quality, though it has effective scenes:

There was much excellent acting, notably by Miss Mary Paterson, who played the leading part admirably; Miss Olive Noble acted pathetically and with some skill; and quite a clever piece of character, as an old Irishwoman, was given by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt. Miss Janette Steer played a very odious part with great ability. Mr. Lauzerte presented a vivid picture of the repulsive lover. Altogether we had a remarkably good performance, thanks, no doubt, in part to the skill of Miss Edith Craig as producer.

Our dramatists at the moment seem cutting it rather fine in the way of plot, and this is agreeable when their pieces are rich in real character-drawing; but in the cases where the persons of the play are old stage friends, when the "wit" of the brilliant dialogue is obviously forced, one almost sighs for the old substantial plot. "The Two Virtues," Mr. Sutro's new piece at the St. James's, has a very trifling tale of a familiar character. An old fogey, this time a historian, has put away all thought of love and marriage. He had loved once, but the woman had jilted him. Suddenly he meets a pretty woman, also a historian: bing-bang, he is in love, and, of course, does not know it—the stage figure never does. Nasty things are said about her past and present life. He does not believe them, and is indignant; yet one may observe that on her own admissions the lady was a bit spotted. His sister warns him against marriage, and so first puts the idea in his head, and off he goes to his beloved, having bought a special license on the way, and makes a successful proposal in a very facetious, fatuous fashion. A rather thin affair, and four acts of it, with much that could be cut; and the brilliance of the dialogue rests mainly on the fact that the characters constantly give splendid openings to one another for crushing retorts. No doubt there are amusing scenes and effective passages, but the piece needs a lot of cutting and acting in a brisker fashion. Mr. Sutro probably meant to write a comedy of character, but his work is best when most farcical. Sir George Alexander presents the Professor: he does not try to give an elaborate character-study, but plays the part amusingly on comic lines. The piece would be enormously assisted if the part of the leading lady were acted with brightness and charm and some "lift," which, unfortunately, is not the case. Miss Henrietta Watson gives an extremely clever performance as the hero's sister—indeed, one wonders why on earth she was not chosen for the leading part. There is some merit in the performance of Miss Athene Seyler as the Professor's former sweetheart.

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The Ideal Rest Chair.

THE acme of perfection are the rest chairs for which J. Foot and Son, 171, New Bond Street, W., are responsible. There is such a wide range of these chairs to choose from that practically every individual desire can be satisfied. Two views of the "Burlington" model are shown on this page, which is in the



FOOT'S REST CHAIR AS A LUXURIOUS
ARM CHAIR

highest degree luxurious without giving noticeable evidence of the mechanical means with which the comfort-giving changes of position are effected. It is not only the easiest of easy chairs but it is capable of being instantly converted into a reclining chair or full-length couch. A few words must be said regarding the upholstery, which is on an improved principle with soft elastic spring edges, thereby giving the greatest of ease and restful comfort in any position desired by the occupant. Reverting, however, to the chair proper, the automatic adjustable back can be lowered to any angle desired by the occupant simply pressing a small button and leaning back until the required position is obtained. To

The Importance of Resting.

raise the back the button is pressed as before, and the back automatically returns to its upright position or may be locked at any intermediate point. Among the many other advantages with which this chair is endowed are the opening sides. They can be opened outwards and turned back, leaving the entire length of the seat free from projections, thus providing easy access or exit. To turn back the sides a small knob must be lifted; when closed an automatic spring catch holds the side in position.

NOW although these chairs are quite invaluable to the invalid, the professional man and woman as well as the leaders of society have set their stamp of approval on them. In the words of the late Lord Avebury, "the conscious enjoyment of a position of perfect rest" becomes a necessity, not merely a pleasure, and the wise man who makes time for enjoyment at least once during the day for fifteen

minutes' conscious rest in a Foot's rest chair is acting in the wisest manner to preserve his health and in assisting Nature in her great recuperative work.

Nests for Rest.

IT has with truth been said that when a Foot's adjustable rest chair—or as it has been styled a nest for a rest—has been installed in any home it becomes an individual chair for each member of the family, and those who are stout, thin, short, or tall may control it and adapt it to their individual requirements. These Adjustable Rest Chairs can be obtained only from the Patentees, J. Foot & Son, Ltd., of 171, New Bond Street, London, W., and readers of *The Sketch* are cordially invited to call at their Show Rooms not only to inspect, but to actually enjoy ten or fifteen minutes of conscious rest in any one of their chairs. Should distance or other circumstances prevent this a post-card must be despatched for the profusely illustrated catalogue as well as for the interesting brochure No. 13 entitled "The Science of Resting," sent gratis and post free.



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Adjusted by the mere pressure of a button to an after-dinner position for a person whose digestion is not good.



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DIVERS DALY'S GIRLS: SWIMMERS OF "THE MARRIAGE MARKET."



1. ON THE WATER-CHUTE: THE MISSES VEDA LE GRAND, EVIE CAREW, JEAN STIRLING, KATE ZOLLER, EVELYN DREW, ELSIE SPENCER, AND IRENE FLOWER (FROM FOREGROUND TO BACKGROUND).

2. ON THE EDGE: THE MISSES IRENE FLOWER, EVELYN DREW, VEDA LE GRAND, EVIE CAREW, JEAN STIRLING, ELSIE SPENCER, AND KATE ZOLLER (LEFT TO RIGHT).

Many of "The Marriage Market" girls, being expert swimmers and divers, pay frequent visits to Baths; and these photographs were taken at the St. George's Baths, Buckingham Palace Road. Swimming, by the way, is only one of several sports indulged in by members of "The Marriage Market" Company, of Daly's. Golf, for instance, is another great favourite.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

PEERS—AND PEERS' SONS—LOOK OUT! "BROADWAY JONES" GIRLS.



1. MISS JOAN BERYL.

3. MISS DICKIE THORPE.

5. MISS LILY MAXWELL.

7. MISS GRETA COOPER.

2. MISS CONNIE LUTTRELL.

4. MISS MALVINA LONGFELLOW.

6. MISS DORA FRASER.

8. MISS JOAN CHALLIS.

Mr. Seymour Hicks is back in management, playing "Broadway Jones," at the Prince of Wales's. And Mr. Hicks, let it be remembered, has been associated with quite a number of romances of the Peerage. As a correspondent puts it: "An exceptional number of the beautiful ladies he gathers round him in his companies have captured the hearts of members of the aristocracy, and losses to the Stage have become gains to Society. Amongst those who have acted with Mr. Seymour Hicks and have since

married into the Peerage may be mentioned Miss Sylvia Storey (now Countess Poulett); Miss Eva Carrington (who became Lady de Clifford); Miss Zena Dare (the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett); and Miss Camille Clifford (the Hon. Mrs. Lyndhurst Bruce). The ladies of Mr. Hicks's present company are at least as beautiful as their predecessors. Who can say they may not make what the newspapers invariably call romantic matches? Miss Challis, by the way, stands six foot four."

SOCIETY IN THE SUN: WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE AT MONTE CARLO.



LORD PORTARLINGTON, COUNTESS ZIA TORBY, AND COUNTESS NADA TORBY (THE THREE CENTRAL FIGURES).



MR. A. F. WILDING, THE FAMOUS LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER; LADY HENRY; MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH; AND MISS HEINSINS.

The Earl of Portarlington, whose portrait appears also on another page of this Issue, is the sixth holder of the title, and was formerly in the Irish Guards. He married Miss Winnifreda Yuill. Countess Anastasia Torby, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael, was born in 1892; Countess Nadedja Torby, in 1896. Mr. Wilding is the lawn-tennis champion.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.

A Great Dane: A Fine Dancer Returned to London.

ILLUSTRATED PHOTOGRAPH BY THE DOVER STREET STUDIOS TAKEN IN NATURAL COLOURS BY THE POLYCHROMIDE PROCESS





SEEN AT THE LONDON COLISEUM THIS SEASON: Mlle. ADELINÉ GENÉE.

That famous Danish dancer, Mlle. Genée, who for so long reigned it at the Empire, arranged to begin a season of eight weeks at the London Coliseum on March 2, and decided that she would vary her entertainment every fortnight; giving

the first two weeks to "Robert le Diable," the next two to "La Danse," the next two to "La Camargo," and the last two to "The Dryad." Associated with her is M. Volinin, of the Moscow Ballet Company.

LAWN - TENNIS AT MONTE CARLO : MATCH - PLAYERS.



1. MRS. A. A. HALL SERVING.

2. MRS. HALL WALKER.

3. MR. O. KREUZER.

4. MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS.

5. SHOWING THE DIFFICULT BACKGROUND: THE CONDAMINE COURTS.

6. MR. H. KLEINSCHROTH.

7. MISS RYAN, OF CALIFORNIA, WHO DEFEATED Mlle. LENGLEN.

8. MR. F. L. RISELEY.

9. Mlle. LENGLEN AND MISS RYAN.

The Monte Carlo International Lawn Tennis Tournament finished last week. With regard to the photographs on this page, the following notes may be made: Miss M. Ward beat Mrs. Hall Walker in the first round of the Ladies' Open Singles. Mrs. Lambert Chambers and Mrs. Hall Walker beat Mrs. Hall and Miss M. Towler in the semi-finals of the Ladies' Open Doubles. Miss Ryan and Miss J. Tripp beat Miss M. Tripp and Mlle. S. Lenglen in the second round of the Ladies' Open Doubles. Miss E. Ryan beat Mlle. S. Lenglen in the third round of the Ladies' Open Singles. M. Décugis and Count Salm beat Messrs. H. Kleinschroth and O. Kreuzer in the second round of

the Gentlemen's Open Doubles. In the final of the Ladies' Open Singles Mrs. Lambert Chambers beat Miss E. Ryan. In the final of the Ladies' Open Doubles Miss E. Ryan and Miss J. Tripp beat Mrs. Lambert Chambers and Mrs. Hall Walker. In the third round of the Open Mixed Doubles Count Salm and Mlle. Isnard beat Mr. O. Kreuzer and Miss M. Towler, and in the semi-final beat Mr. H. Kleinschroth and Mrs. Hall Walker. In the final of the Championship Doubles Messrs. R. Kleinschroth and A. F. Poulin beat Messrs. A. F. Wilding and Craig Biddle. In the Open Mixed Doubles final M. Décugis and Miss E. Ryan walked over.—[Photos, Underwood and Underwood.]

HER GRACE THE WINTER-SPORTER—AT ST. MORITZ.



DRESSED FOR THE SNOW AND ICE: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

It seems almost superfluous to remind our readers that the marriage of the second Duke of Westminster, who succeeded to the title in 1899, took place in 1901. The Duchess was then known as Miss Constance Edwina Cornwallis-West. She is the younger daughter of Colonel William Cornwallis-West. Her sister is Princess of Pless. Her only brother is Mr. George Cornwallis-West, who, in 1900, married Lady Randolph Churchill. The Duchess has two daughters.

Photograph by Annette Field.

CAUSING EXCITEMENT IN AUSTRALIA WHILE STILL IN ENGLAND.



TO GIVE HER DISCOURSES ON SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES, WITH ILLUSTRATIVE ACTING, IN AUSTRALIA :
MISS ELLEN TERRY.

The ever-young, ever-energetic Miss Ellen Terry has arranged to sail for Australia on March 27, to give there a series of Discourses on Shakespeare's Heroines, with illustrative acting. Her first appearance will be at the Melbourne Town Hall, on May 7. The announcement of her visit has already caused an enormous amount

of interest, and she is certain of an enthusiastic welcome; indeed, an Australian cable has said: "Never such excitement among playgoers since Sarah Bernhardt appeared here." Miss Terry, who was sixty-six on Feb. 27, made her début on the stage on April 28, 1856.—[*Photograph by Swaine.*]



"Daddy's Little Pickle"

*- with the "right-as-a-trivet" feeling that always follows her bath with
Wright's Coal Tar Soap.*